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The History of the Netherlands. By Thomas Colley Grattan. London, 1830. Longman & Co.

This is a well-written and well-condensed history; and its appearance is most opportune. A History of the Netherlands was wanted—at the present time it is invaluable. Speculations on the future are idle, when they are not founded upon an intimate knowledge of the past—we must not reason upon generalities. We do not calculate what the conduct of an individual will be by some abstract theory, but from acquaintance with his character and past life; and so it ought to be with nations. What will be the result of the popular movements in Belgium, cannot be inferred by analogy from what has taken place in France: the countries are in a totally different position; and the people are more dissimilar than might be inferred from a knowledge of the mere surface of society.

In France, the dislike was to the reigning family; in Belgium, the reigning family, speaking of them independently of accidental circumstances, is not disliked. We are of opinion that, if the question were put to the vote, the influential men in Belgium might change the laws—separate, in all fiscal regulations, from Holland, perhaps separate even the legislature of the two countries, and form a federal government; but they would retain the present reigning family; whereas in France, all evils were as nothing to the offence of being governed by Charles the Tenth. In France religion has little influence among the common people; in Belgium, they are fanatics. In France, the decision of the capital nearly determines a political question;—in Belgium, it is of much less consequence what is said at Brussels, than at Lisle, Ghent, or Antwerp. The Flemings talk a great deal about Bonaparte; his eagles are to this hour visible there, and nowhere else; and people are deceived by it. They, indeed, liked Bonaparte, for after his marriage with Maria Louisa, they looked on him as their legitimate sovereign; and in him and his son all parties were reconciled; and when they now call for Napoleon the Second, it is for his mother's, and not his father's sake. The Belgians cordially liked the government of the Austrians, as may be seen in the volume before us;—they actually petitioned the Congress to be restored to Austria; and they prefer the French to the present government, for exactly the same reasons. Under all the changes to which their country has been subjected, it has been equally the interests of all—Spaniards, Austrians, and French—to encourage their manufactures and trade. Antwerp was under them a flourishing city—Bruges one of the most celebrated seats of commerce—Ghent in the direct line of communication with the

interior. The Belgians are now of opinion, and not unreasonably, that Holland flourishes at their expense; that the Dutch channel of Amsterdam is enriched, to the ruin of Antwerp and its dependencies. Under the government of Bonaparte there was indeed little foreign trade, but he threw open all France and half Europe to their manufactures.

Hating the Dutch from rivalry, from neighbourhood, from old national contention, and religious differences, the Belgians from the first detested the union; and feeling, or imagining they feel, the ill consequence, does not reconcile them to it. They desire nothing so much as to be separated from Holland. Their right cannot be denied. The nature of the relations between a people and the government, may be a subject of theoretical discussion; but it is not now to be discussed, that the authority of a government has some limit, and that it exceeds that limit when it transfers a whole kingdom to another state, and a whole people like cattle.

In 1814 Austria might have put in a claim to Belgium; but Belgium was far removed, and therefore a profitless province. If, however, the Austrians declined, the Belgians were at liberty to settle a new government. The Allies thought differently, and with maps and compasses parcelled out prostrate Europe. There were the Venetian states, free themselves, and fighting the battles of freedom, and of the weak and defenceless, when Germany was hardly civilized, and free to the last hour that any state in Europe dared call itself so, except England;—Austria desired to have them in exchange; a union as unnatural as Holland and Belgium, Genoa and Sardinia, the living and the dead. These had all been neighbours and rivals, opposed to each other for centuries; but that was no time to dispute with sovereigns, and nations were transferred like counters at a gaming-table. Standing however, as we do, removed from the times—for fifteen years will subdue most angry feelings—but viewing them as we ought, with reference to those feelings, an apology may be easily found, at least for those who consented to the union of Holland and Belgium. According to the old theories of the balance of power, there was wanting some sufficient and integral force to oppose to France on its northern frontier. The union therefore naturally suggested itself; and whatever the people might feel, the old statholder and the young officer of the King's Own had no objection to try their hand at royalty.

The union was undoubtedly desirable; and had it taken place three centuries ago, when roused by the tyrannical exactions of Spain, the nations had fought long and heroically together, it might have

cemented and been beneficial to Europe. We say it *might*, for even then an inherent difference in the nations was visible;—the Flemings made desperate efforts, but submitted; the Dutch, steady, determined, persevering, carried on the war single-handed, and triumphed. But three centuries of separation, of rivalry, of ill-will, of religious and political difference, of *extreme* difference, left it hardly possible in 1814; and years of wise government only could make it permanent. Looking at the policy of the present government on a great scale—for isolated acts have been weak and foolish—it has done all that a government could do for the permanent happiness and well-being of the people; and though we write in ignorance of events that to-morrow may be in proof to contradict us, we shall still venture the opinion, that it will reap the harvest of well-doing. The ignorant and the informed are widely different in their power everywhere;—the one has its temporary influence, the other its permanent. The prohibitory laws, the fiscal regulations, the direct and indirect pressure of taxation, are grievously felt by the common people; but the informed are sensible of the prudence, the economy, the generous, the almost paternal anxiety with which the reigning monarch watches for the happiness of his people, and the prosperity of his country.

One of the very causes which, in our opinion, has led to, or assisted in fomenting, the late disturbances, has been the wise encouragement given to manufactures; or rather the improvements that knowledge encouraged, and directly encouraged, by the government, has introduced into them by the employment of machinery. The policy, the wise policy—wise because it bent to circumstances, and made the best of them—of the present government, is opposed to its temporary popularity. The king and his ministry have been informed beyond their generation; but not beyond the intelligent of their country. Machinery, on a great scale, can hardly ever be introduced anywhere, without endangering the quiet of that country;—in Belgium, it has endangered the government. It will be found hereafter, that pence more than principles—narrow, rather than enlarged, views have been stirring in Belgium. It was said, and truly, by our correspondent a week or two since, that the Belgians are not a people to contend about an abstract question of right and wrong. The union with Holland is hateful to all—the introduction of machinery hateful to the populace. Late events in France roused up a blind spirit that went wandering about in search of wrongs and revenge. Hereafter, when the truth comes to be known, it will be found that the first stirrers up of the late riots or revolution, or by whatever name history shall designate it, in Belgium, were of the lowest

orders—men who suffered, and who, in natural error, attributed their sufferings to the king and his ministers. We are persuaded, influential and informed men had little to do with it, although it is probable they may avail themselves of the power gained, to effect great alteration in the government of the country, not out of ill-will to the reigning family, but detestation of the union with Holland.

Having said thus much, founded on an intimate knowledge of the feelings and situations of the people of Belgium, we have great pleasure in publishing the following statistical notice, on such authority as makes it doubly valuable:—

The Kingdom of the Netherlands.

If we cast our eye over the territorial possessions of the Netherlands crown on this side of the Atlantic, we shall find that their surface does not constitute more than a one hundred and fiftieth part of the whole superficies of Europe. And yet this petty state, by dint of its energy and intellect, held the sceptre of the seas for a space of nearly a century. Indeed, it would be difficult to quote any other country in the world where the largesses of nature have been turned to so profitable an account by the industry and perseverance of man. Its very population exceeds that of any known region of similar extent; for it contains 6,116,635 inhabitants on a surface of 13,945,808 acres; whilst England and Scotland, on a surface of 56,029,400, do not contain more than 14,331,000, nor France, on a soil of 120,450,209 acres, more than 32,000,000 of souls.

With respect to taxation, founding our calculations on the average revenue between the years 1817 and 1827, each individual contributes a mean amount of *twenty-four shillings and two-pence* towards the expenses of the state; in France, *twenty-four shillings and sevenpence*; and in Great Britain, *seventy-three shillings and tenpence*. The Dutchman and Fleming contribute rather less, therefore, than the Frenchman in taxes, though the reverse has been hitherto assumed, and two-thirds less than the Englishman. This amount of public burthens does not, however, comprise the local rates levied by counties and towns, which, in the case of the Netherlands, form an addition of about eightpence-halfpenny per head.

The heads of *Expenditure* and their average amount, as derived from official returns for a period of eleven years, were as follows:

King's Household (Civil List)	£211,600
Officers of State and Secretarieships	100,235
Foreign Affairs	63,635
Courts of Law, Judges, &c.	270,297
Home Department, dykes, &c.	475,203
Ecclesiastical Establishments, not Catholic	112,651
Catholic Establishment	138,571
Education, arts, trade, and colonies	170,520
Department of Finance, and debt	2,629,254
the Navy	481,310
War	1,904,300+

Average Expenditure per annum £6,571,176

The *Revenue* of the Netherlands, for a like period of eleven years, averaged 7,337,000*l*. Looking at some of the leading sources of this revenue, it is very remarkable that, in 1826, the *stamps on newspapers* produced a sum of 12,144*l*, which is nearly as much as the produce of the same tax in France; viz. 13,170*l*. The *Post-office* department, which yielded 83,300*l*. in the year 1820, has since doubled itself; whilst the *Customs and Excise* rose from 1,844,000*l*. to 2,593,600*l*. It is melancholy to see figuring among the items of revenue a sum of 131,500*l*. derived from the national and Brussels lotteries.

+The inscriptions for the militia of the kingdom amounted, in 1828, to 58,654 men; being the whole of the youths who were in their nineteenth year.

Under the head of *Education*, it appears that there were 74,100*l*. expended on primary or national schools, and in this respect we take the lead both of England and France; the former furnishing one scholar out of every eleven individuals, and the latter one in twenty; whereas we send nearly one out of every nine. The amount of disbursements on *schools for the poor* is 20,590*l*., or about 7*s*. 3*d*. per head. The colleges and grammar schools (*écoles latines*) contain above eight thousand pupils, and the five universities of the kingdom (Leyden, Utrecht, Groningen, Louvain, Liege, and Ghent) are frequented by nearly three thousand students, equally divided between Holland and the Netherlands proper; the northern and southern portions of our territory.

With respect to our *charitable institutions*, they are of three kinds: the object of the first class of them being to afford relief; of the second, to diminish the numbers of the poor; and of the third, to prevent indigence;—this latter class comprises establishments for pledges (*monts de piété*) and savings' banks. The two former in number 6228, relieve nearly a million of people at an expense of 900,000*l*. and upwards; whence it results, that about a sixth part of the whole population receives alms or assistance from public resources to the extent of nearly nineteen shillings a-head per annum.

A. QUETELET.

Dir. of the Royal Observatory.

Such a chapter as we have written would probably have concluded this volume, had Mr. Grattan had the gift of prophecy. He has shown himself fully competent to have perfected the work, could he have foreseen what was wanting; and we refer all who desire to form an opinion of the present eventful times, founded on any rational basis, to his volume.

We think our readers, and Mr. Grattan himself, will admit after this liberal commendation, that we are not to be influenced in our judgment of books by the conduct of the writer, and that the silly trifling of Mr. Pickersgill's "duly authorized," has not shaken that uncompromising love of truth for which only we desire this paper to be distinguished. We, must, however, reserve our extracts until the next number.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. VOL. XVI.—*Ivanhoe*. Cadell & Co., Edinburgh; Whittakers, London.

IVANHOE was the first of the series of Sir Walter Scott's novels, in which he quitted "Scottish manners," "Scottish dialect," and "Scottish authors," and crossed the borders in search of materials from merry England; and after adducing numerous reasons for this change of scene, he proceeds to state—"It is not, perhaps, necessary to enumerate so many reasons why the author of the Scottish Novels, as they were then exclusively termed, should be desirous to make an experiment on a subject purely English. It was his purpose, at the same time, to have rendered the experiment as complete as possible, by bringing the intended work before the public as the effort of a new candidate for their favour, in order that no degree of prejudice, whether favourable or the reverse, might attach to it, as a new production of the Author of Waverley; but this intention was afterwards departed from, for reasons to be hereafter mentioned."

The late Archibald Constable was an extremely shrewd man; no publisher, that this literary age has produced, was better acquainted with the mystery of his craft, and he had the merit of seeing at once what the public would

be taken with;—no one better understood the benefit of "a good name," and therefore, "after a considerable part of the work had been finished and printed, the publishers, who pretended to discern in it a germ of popularity, remonstrated strenuously against its appearing as an absolutely anonymous production, and contended that it should have the advantage of being announced as by the Author of Waverley. The author did not make any obstinate opposition, for he began to be of opinion with Dr. Wheeler, in Miss Edgeworth's excellent tale of 'Mauveing,' that 'Trick upon Trick' might be too much for the patience of an indulgent public, and might be reasonably considered as trifling with their favour. —The book, therefore, appeared as an avowed continuation of the Waverley Novels; and it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge, that it met with the same favourable reception as its predecessors."

The remainder of the preface, which is rather longer than usual, consists of an account of various ancient ballads, from which the author borrowed some of his incidents, and concludes with the following vindication of the union of Wilfred and Rebecca.

"The character of the fair Jewess found so much favour in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such an union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp, is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly-formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, verily Virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show, that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

The humour of dating the prefatory matter 1st of September, we profess not to understand, having seen the volume nearly a month ago. The new notes accompanying the text, are few and short, with the exception of that illustrative of the torture with which the Jew was threatened by Front-de-Bœuf, which has little interest, and is much too long for our pages.

As to the illustration, we know not what thousandth impression ours may be, but it is a very faint one—we should like to see one of Mr. Portbury's *own proofs*, ere we say anything upon his share in the work, or of Mr. Martin's design. The vignette by Cawse, is clever.

Memoir, written by General Sir Hew Dalrymple, Bart., of his Proceedings as connected with the Affairs of Spain, and the Commencement of the Peninsular War. 8vo. London, 1830. T. & W. Boone.

HAD it not been for the remonstrances of some distinguished officers against certain statements contained in the Marquess of Londonderry's

"Narrative of the Peninsular War," and which were subsequently replied to, and published in an Appendix to that work, the book before us would probably never have appeared. It was the intention of Sir Hew Dalrymple to preserve it as a family record, and to suffer the above narrative to pass by unnoticed. The examples, however, of officers of distinction, who had laboured with him in the same field, and whose expostulations had met with redress, induced him, in self-defence, to adopt the resolution of publishing the present Memoir, which determination was defeated by his death. It therefore comes before the public in the nature of a posthumous work, and is intended "to supply the omissions, and correct the mistakes, in those parts of the Marquess of Londonderry's Narrative which treat of the transactions in which he (Sir H. Dalrymple) bore a part;" and, in fact, is a vindication of the wisdom and necessity of the measures pursued at Torres Vedras, better known as the Convention of Cintra. The histories of Mr. Southey and Lieut.-Col. Napier, and the Narrative of the Marquess of Londonderry, on the subject of the Peninsular War, have long been before the public; and those who have read them must already be in possession of the prominent facts contained in the present memoir;—but the latter derives peculiar interest from the circumstance of its being intended more as a domestic chronicle of events than a public record of the author's proceedings. We are apt to believe a work, originally compiled for purposes of private gratification, and not designed for the information or scrutiny of the world, must, in the main, have fidelity and truth for its object. The one now under consideration is certainly not written with ease and watchfulness to ward off the censures of prejudice, or the anticipated strictures of criticism. It is not ushered from the press, clothed with all the studied illusions of dramatic effect; but the final and preparatory polish of an author seems to have been dispensed with, and the plain, unsophisticated dress of its details irresistibly prepossesses us in its favour;—we are suddenly brought in familiar contact with the author's private feelings and honest opinions; and we take him by the hand with all the confidence and respect of a long-accustomed reliance on his probity and faith.

It was in June 1806, as is well known, that Sir Hew Dalrymple was invested with the command of the fortress of Gibraltar. From that period no important event took place until the close of the year 1807, when the French troops entered Spain, for the avowed purpose of taking possession of Portugal. The insurrection at Madrid—the abdication of Charles the Fourth—the elevation of Ferdinand the Seventh to the Spanish throne, and his subsequent deposition—are now matters of historical record. We shall therefore omit noticing the first part of the volume before us,—which chiefly relates to the active operations of Bonaparte—the unsettled condition of Spain—the jealousies of the Spaniards—and the establishment of the Supreme Junta of Seville,—and shall pass on to the period when Sir Hew Dalrymple left Gibraltar to assume the command of the British army in Portugal. Sir Hew having embarked on board the *Phæbe* frigate, received information from Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, that Sir Arthur Wellesley had landed at Mondego Bay, and was advancing along the coast, in the direction of Lisbon, he therefore proceeded there, for the purpose of joining the reinforcements expected from England, under Sir Harry Burrard and Sir John Moore; but hearing of the battle of Maceira, he changed his course for that port.

Speaking of the events that had taken place previous to his arrival, Sir Hew observes:—

"Sir Harry Burrard sailed from Portsmouth on the 31st of July, on board His Majesty's ship

Audacious, together with a fleet of transports, containing Sir John Moore's corps of 10,000 men. * * *

"On the evening of the 20th, Sir Harry Burrard arrived off the landing-place at Maceira, when Sir Arthur Wellesley came on board to report his proceedings and the actual state of things, and ended by saying he had intended to march next morning, at five o'clock by the Mafra-road, to turn the enemy's position at Torres Vedras.

"Of this plan Sir Harry Burrard did not approve; and gave orders to Sir Arthur Wellesley that the army should not move next morning. He at the same time sent orders by land, and by the *Brazen sloop*, to Sir John Moore, to proceed forthwith to Maceira, and, if any of his troops were on shore, to order them to embark and follow.

"Sir Arthur Wellesley being of opinion that, if the army remained on its ground, it would be attacked by the enemy, he made such dispositions as he thought necessary in consequence. Sir Arthur was not disappointed in his expectations, for, soon after eight o'clock, A.M. on the 21st, the enemy appeared in force on the left of the position.

"On the 21st, about nine o'clock in the morning, Sir Harry Burrard landed from His Majesty's ship *Alfred*, where he had passed the night; and, upon receiving notice from an officer, sent by Sir A. Wellesley, that large bodies of the enemy were seen moving towards the left of the position, Sir Harry hastened to Vimiera, where he arrived about ten o'clock; at which time he found Brigadier-Generals Anstruther and Fane's brigades vigorously attacked by the enemy. * * *

"The enemy being repulsed in all parts, and in full retreat, Sir Arthur Wellesley proposed to Sir H. Burrard to take advantage of the victory, by pursuing them; which, however, the latter, from the view he had taken of the state of things, deemed it best to decline; and the army remained on the ground where the battle had been fought, and where I found it when I landed on the 22d.

"Upon my arrival at Maceira, Sir Harry Burrard gave me the necessary information respecting the recent transactions; and (to use his own words to the Court of Inquiry) '*how and why he had acted.*' Soon after, Sir Arthur Wellesley (whom I had never before seen) came into the room, and expressed much anxiety that the army should advance. As soon as I could ascertain whether any orders had been issued by Sir H. Burrard for the morrow, I acceded to the proposition, and desired Sir A. Wellesley to hold the army in readiness to march next day at day-break, 'undoubtedly as soon' (as stated in the Report of the Court of Inquiry) 'as it could be put in motion after his arrival;'—and, considering the extraordinary circumstances under which two new commanding-generals arrived from the ocean and joined the army, (the one during and the other immediately after a battle, and those successively superseding each other, and both the original commander within the space of twenty-four hours,) it is not surprising that the army was not carried forward until the second day after the action."

"Between one and two o'clock P.M. a report came in that the enemy seemed to be advancing, I, therefore, desired Sir A. Wellesley (who was soon upon the spot) to take up the position as the day before. This, however, soon proved to be a body of French cavalry, with a flag of truce; and, soon after one o'clock, General Kellermann arrived at Sir Arthur Wellesley's quarters, at Vimiera, where he found Sir Harry Burrard, Sir Arthur Wellesley, and myself.

"The object of General Kellermann's mission was to propose, on the part of the General-in-Chief of the French army, a suspension of hos-

tilities, in order to settle a definitive convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French troops, with their arms and baggage." 60—4.

Sir Hew Dalrymple has now brought us down to a period in his memoir, against which the cry of popular censure has been raised, and which has given rise to many acrimonious animadversions on his conduct and skill as an officer. Many there are, even at this late day, after the lapse of twenty years, who are not only unsparing in their condemnation, but whose prejudices have grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of time. The question involved in that period was one of signal importance to the affairs of the Peninsula:—Whether the French army should be permitted, after their defeat at Vimiera, to evacuate Portugal with their arms and baggage—or, by a succession of battles, an attempt should be made to make them prisoners? The opinions of the most distinguished and accomplished officers then attached to the British army, were in favour of affording every facility to the evacuation; and the measures recommended by Sir Arthur Wellesley appear to have had particular weight upon the occasion:—

"Sir Arthur recommended the measure of allowing the French to evacuate Portugal, with their arms and baggage, and that every facility for this purpose should be afforded to them, from the relative state of the armies on the evening of the 22d, considering that the French had then resumed a formidable position between us and Lisbon; that they had the means of retiring from that position to others in front of that city; and, finally, of crossing the Tagus into Alemtejo, with a view to the occupation, in strength, of Elvas la Lippe, and, eventually, Almeida; 'as Sir John Moore's corps had been diverted from the occupation of the position at Santarem, which had been proposed for them, there were no means to prevent, and no increase of numbers could have prevented, the French army from effecting these objects.'

"The suspension of arms was therefore agreed upon, to terminate at forty-eight hours' notice. The basis of the proposed treaty was also settled, but not to be considered as in force without the concurrence of Admiral Sir Charles Cotton; for I was quite determined to conclude no definitive convention with the French Commander-in-Chief, to which the British Admiral should not be a party as well as myself. * * *

"On the 29th, in the morning, Captain Dalrymple, who had accompanied Lieutenant-Colonel Murray to Lisbon, brought a treaty which that officer had concluded with General Kellermann, who had been appointed to negotiate with him; some of the provisions of which seeming objectionable, I assembled all the lieutenant-generals I could immediately collect, namely, Lieutenant-Generals Sir Harry Burrard, Sir John Moore, the Hon. J. Hope, Mackenzie Fraser, and Sir Arthur Wellesley; when the treaty was read, article by article, and the objections and proposed alterations minuted down by Sir Arthur Wellesley, which, being copied, was sent by my aide-de-camp, Captain Fanshawe, to Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, for his guidance.

"On the 31st, at an early hour in the morning, Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, accompanied by Lord Fitzroy Somerset and Captain Fanshawe, together with an aide-de-camp of General Kellermann's, arrived at Torres Vedras, where my head-quarters were then established, with the definitive Convention, 'in which some of the articles of the treaty of the 28th, which had been objected to, were altered, and some other good alterations inserted, not before suggested.' At all events the season for negotiation was past; I, therefore, immediately convened the Lieutenant-Generals I could assemble—Sir Harry Burrard, Sir John Moore, Hon. J. Hope, and Mackenzie Fraser; and, in their presence,

and with their approbation, I ratified the *Definitive Convention*," p. 64—70.

Thus, we are informed, was the famous treaty—concluded at Torres Vedras, and commonly known as the Convention of Cintra—brought about, not by the individual and unadvised determination of Sir Hew Dalrymple, but by the unanimous counsels and military experience of officers of acknowledged reputation and skill. We are told, that Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Arthur Wellesley assisted in the discussions which took place on the occasion; and that the latter drew up a paper of memoranda, which formed the basis of the treaty. That the armistice was approved by Sir Arthur Wellesley, sufficiently appears from a letter he addressed to Lord Castlereagh in October 1808, in which he concurs with Sir Hew Dalrymple in thinking the measure expedient; and also from the fact of his having signed it in conjunction with General Kellermann;—but with regard to the treaty itself, it still remains an unaccountable enigma—that though Sir Arthur drew up the stipulations specified in the above paper of memoranda, and which had been chiefly suggested by himself, and critically examined, article by article, the provisions of the treaty, as modified by General Kellermann, offering objections and proposing alterations,—yet that his name should not be found among the number of those who were present at its ratification. We do not impute to Sir Arthur a premeditated absence to enable him to escape the possible consequences of this definitive convention; though the watchful prudence of his policy, when directed to personal elevation and popularity, might have foreseen the obloquy which his disappointed country would cast upon the transaction. It was not enough for the British public, that a brilliant victory had been obtained over the army of France;—their just enthusiasm entitled them to believe, that such an achievement would have been further and more splendidly pursued; and that the enemy, suppliant at the foot of the conqueror, and supposed to be already within the grip of destruction, would not have been permitted to pass from the plains of Portugal unmolested and unopposed. The Portuguese general (Friere) had expressed his disapprobation of the measures adopted, and the disaffection had spread through the army under his command. He thought that he himself and the Junta of Oporto (the then government of Portugal) had been treated with disrespectful neglect; and the necessity of covering the embarkation of the French forces at Lisbon with British troops, sufficiently indicated the dangerous discontent of the inflamed populace, already jealous of the rising dominion of the English. It is therefore a fortunate circumstance in the military history of the Duke of Wellington, that he was not commander-in-chief at the period of the Convention of Cintra, nor present at its ratification.

We now proceed to that part of the Memoir which treats of the formation of a Council of Regency. There seems to have been a fatality attending those who were intrusted, by our government, with authority in Portugal, to be continually perplexed by its indecision at home, or by the occurrence of unexpected events. The extraordinary succession of commanding generals during and immediately after the battle of Vimiera, has long been the theme of wonder and of censure; and we meet with equal difficulties at the point to which we now call attention:

"It was the policy of His Majesty's Ministers at this period, to send officers to the Peninsula, upon a sort of separate, but confidential duty, with instructions to report to the Commander of the forces in Portugal, but to correspond with Government at home. In pursuance of this system, Brigadier-Generals the Baron von Decken and Sontag embarked, on the 11th of

August, at Plymouth, for the Asturias; but on the same day received notice from Lord Castlereagh, that their destination was changed, and that they were to proceed to Oporto, where they arrived on the seventeenth.

"At a late hour that same night, the Bishop desired to see Baron von Decken in private, when the conference began by the former explaining the motives which had induced him to assume the *Government of Portugal*,—but hypocritically added, that, as the Prince Regent, on leaving Portugal, had established a Regency, he considered it his duty to resign the Government into the hands of that Regency as soon as possible.

"Against this plan the Baron (although he professed that he had no instructions upon the subject) took it upon himself decidedly to object, as he alleged that the persons who formed that Regency had deservedly lost the confidence of the nation, by their attachment to the French; but suggested to the Bishop, the propriety of his retaining the *Government of Portugal in his own hands* until the pleasure of his sovereign could be known. * * *

"It was decided upon that the Bishop should preside over the new Government, of which the members of the Junta of Oporto were to form a part; to them were to be added such individuals of the original Regency as had not, according to the Bishop's account, joined the French; but in this number his Excellency did not fail to include his half-brother, the Principal Castro, Junot's *Ministre des Cultes*. But as the Bishop of Oporto could not be spared from that city, Baron von Decken was induced to consent that Oporto should be the seat of the new Government. * * *

"As I have already mentioned, I received at Cintra, on the 3d of September, instructions for the formation of a Council of Regency, at Lisbon, after the French should be expelled; and that they were dated at the very time when Baron von Decken was occupied in making arrangements for its establishment at Oporto. * * *

"It may be presumptuous in me to question the policy, under any circumstances whatever, of permitting the co-existence of the revolutionary local Juntas which had at that time arisen in the Peninsula, with a National, or what was called a Central Council of Government; but I saw plainly that no such plan would be expedient in Portugal, when a Regency should be installed. In fact, there were but two of those Juntas, that of Oporto, which had extended its power over the north of Portugal and Alemtejo; and that of the kingdom of Algarve. * * *

Under these circumstances, for me to have placed a feeble pageant of a Regency in Lisbon to represent the Sovereign, but whose power would not have extended far beyond the environs of the city, would have been impossible; and then I must of necessity have, myself, assumed the civil as well as the military power; and the capital would have become, according to the suggestion of the Bishop of Oporto, a British military post, whilst that Prelate and his Junta would have governed Portugal in effect.

"Upon these considerations, I determined that the Regency should be restored as nearly as possible according to the original Constitution of that body, and that they should continue in the exercise of their authority, until the pleasure of their own Sovereign (not that of the Junta of Oporto) should be made known. * * *

"It is somewhat remarkable that, in the course of little more than a month, it became my duty to defeat measures recommended by two more or less accredited diplomatic agents of His Majesty's Government: the first to give a Regent to Spain; the second to establish a Regency in Portugal. And, although both those individuals disclaimed any official authority for the measures they proposed, neither of them anti-

pated the slightest opposition to their execution from me.

"When I arrived in London, I requested, from Lord Castlereagh, some intimation of His Majesty's sentiments upon these two transactions; and had the satisfaction of receiving, in reply, the assurance of His Majesty's entire approbation of my conduct in both those cases."

Such was the course and aspect of affairs in Portugal when Sir Hew Dalrymple was called upon to superintend the advance of our army, in aiding the Spaniards to expel the enemy from their country. He found the Spanish forces disorganized and disunited, divided into distinct armies, and each commanded by an independent general. Unmindful of the urgent necessities of the nation, many of those generals were known to be actuated more by private resentments than zeal for the public service; and the flagrant instance of General Cuesta, who, instead of advancing his army in a direction which had been agreed upon at a meeting of generals, abused his authority in falling back upon Segovia, for the purpose of arresting Valdes, a counsellor of state, forms a striking illustration of the little unity of purpose and subordination to authority, which existed in the armies of Spain. The minister who is far removed from the scene of action can little comprehend the extent and nature of the difficulties, which local circumstances, and the discordant elements of numerous and independent armies scattered over a wide surface of territory, are likely to oppose to the strict fulfilment of his instructions. In the meantime, the intelligence of the Convention of Cintra had reached England. The public did not fail to express their disapprobation of the measure: and when the news of the reception it had met with arrived in Portugal, the discontent of the Portuguese broke out into popular violence. Sir Hew Dalrymple at this period, and before the advance of the army, received orders to transfer the command to Sir Harry Burrard, and return to England. A court of inquiry was established for the investigation of his conduct; and a majority of the members composing it decided in favour of both the Armistice and the Definitive Convention. That Sir Hew, at the time he assumed the command of the British army in Portugal, had much to perplex, cannot be denied; and perhaps the extreme prudence with which he exercised the discretion, with which he was so amply invested, has drawn upon him the charge of supineness and inefficiency. The faults of private individuals magnify into crimes, when committed by men whose actions control the dispensations of public good or public evil. Though imbecility be unpardonable, yet an error in judgment is the common consequence of the imperfect condition of humanity. We have perused the Memoir of Sir Hew Dalrymple with much satisfaction, arising from a conviction that a fair statement of facts has been the aim of the author. Our own object has been to select its most prominent subjects, and

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice. We recommend the work to the careful perusal of our readers and all military men.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Une Semaine de l'Histoire de Paris. Dédié aux Parisiens. Par M. Le Baron de L— L—. 8vo. Paris, 1830.

[Second Notice.]

WITHOUT putting much faith in this extraordinary work, or its professed cabinet secrets, we think it interesting, as throwing a light upon the feelings and opinions of a large party in France. The confidence with which it is written, satisfies us that many will confide in it—that many Frenchmen agree in opinion with the writer, and

are inclined to believe what he believes: these are important signs of the times. It is not for us to reason upon the authenticity of his documents—false or true, they are of almost equal importance; we quote therefore the following treaty, which the writer says confidently was entered into between the Emperor of Austria and Charles X., and signed by Prince Metternich:—

Art. I. There shall be peace and alliance between their Apostolic and Christian Majesties.

II. His Majesty Charles X. engages, for himself and successors, to acknowledge the right of the Duc de Reichstadt to the crown of France, in the event of the Duc de Bourdeaux's death without heirs, to the perpetual exclusion of the remaining branches of the house of Bourbon.

III. His Majesty Charles X. or his successor, after the decease of the reigning King of Sardinia, will guarantee the succession, that is to say, the crown of Sardinia and Piedmont to his Imperial Highness Francis IV., Arch-duke of Austria and Duke of Modena, in right of his wife the Arch-duchess Marie-Beatrix-Victoire-Josephe, daughter of the late Victor-Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, to the exclusion of the Prince of Savoy-Carignan, who shall receive as an indemnity one of the islands of Greece.

IV. His Christian Majesty shall pay for twenty years, twenty millions to his Apostolic Majesty, as an indemnity for the expenses and losses incurred during the late war.

V. His Apostolic Majesty shall place at the disposal of his Christian Majesty an army of one hundred thousand men, which, divided into two bodies, shall march either by the banks of the Rhine, or the Alps, to be employed in the interior of France, in securing the general peace and tranquillity from the machinations of the Liberals, and assisting in such measures as the royal government may judge necessary for its defence.

VI. The army shall be entirely paid by France, and shall be on the same footing as the Swiss corps now in the service of his Christian Majesty.

VII. This army shall remain five years in France. His Christian Majesty binds himself not to send it back before the expiration of that period, and, as a security, shall place in the hands of the Austrian troops, the fortresses of Bayonne, Perpignan, Grenoble, Strasbourg, Lille, and Besançon.

VIII. His Apostolic Majesty engages, on the requisition of His Christian Majesty, to increase the number of the occupying army, and, in that case, it shall be paid agreeably to the sixth article of this treaty.

Such, the Baron states, were the principal articles of this "piece importante," which, he intimates, was known only to Polignac, who kept his brother ministers in utter ignorance of its existence—but, having shown it to his mistress, a copy was obtained, and on being perused by a member of the government, he exclaimed, "Cet homme perdra la France."

On the 26th of July the *Moniteur* appeared, containing the fatal ordinances, which are here reprinted, and the Baron indulges in some severe and well-deserved remarks upon the weakness of the king, and the folly of his ministers; of course such steps as these could not be adopted without blood, and the writer asserts that, in the cabinet of Maugin, the prefect of police, a list was found containing the names of upwards of fifteen hundred individuals of all classes, upon whom the fury of government was to be wreaked: every department had been directed to furnish a list of suspected persons to the minister of the interior, and, after being considered in council, these names were arranged in alphabetical order, to be made use of as occasion required—and that a copy was found in the library of the

Dauphin, filling five large quarto volumes, bound in black morocco.

Every warning appears to have been thrown away upon the unfortunate authors of these fatal steps: the agitation of Paris, the resistance of the people, all was in vain. An anonymous, but most sensible letter, addressed to Peyronnet, was found in the Tuileries, foretelling the consequences that must result from persisting in his measures; but it had no other effect than that of increasing his ill-humour—he gave immediate orders for the collection of artillery from different depôts, and, on seeing them pass by, exclaimed, "There go the preceptors of the people of Paris, and it will not be long before the lesson shall begin."

This atrocious "mot" sounded so pleasant in the ears of the Count de D—, that he hastened to St. Cloud, to impart it to the King. The narrative is here interrupted by a long eulogium upon the present monarch, and, having stated the hostile feelings entertained towards him by Charles and his government, the Baron mentions that Polignac had issued, on the 28th, an order for his arrest.

We have not room for the discussion at the ministerial board, on Polignac's return from St. Cloud, in the thirteenth chapter—nor for the glowing character of Lafayette, "*qui frappa au cœur l'Angleterre, notre perpétuelle ennemi*," a perpetuity which the Baron does his utmost to maintain.

The account of the selection of Marmont for the command of the troops destined to subdue the rebellious Parisians, and the sketch of his character, are entertaining. Marmont first declined the unhappy post, but, urged by the King, his son, and his own necessities, he gave a reluctant assent. We shall abstain from reciting the account of the bloodshed in the struggle: the volume is full of interesting anecdotes on this point to those who delight in the description of such scenes.

Alarm, at length, began to find its way into the royal household; the Duchess of Berri had commanded the attendance of a young painter, who arrived at St. Cloud pale and trembling from the agitation he had undergone in making his way through the destructive fire then going on in Paris. Seeing him in this condition, the Duchess inquired the cause, and, alarmed by the intelligence he gave, introduced him to the King, to make a similar recital—"Ce n'est rien," dit le Roi; "tout cela ce finira ce soir; ce n'est presque rien. Tenez, mon cher, ce que vous avez de mieux à faire, c'est de commencer mon portrait," and, placing himself in a proper position for that purpose, desired the painter to begin; but the artist's agitation was too great to permit him to accede to the royal request. The result of this interview being communicated to the Duchess de Berri, the affrighted mother sought an interview herself with the King; but her alarm failed to make any impression; he could not believe it possible for Paris to resist "la garde royale et mes Suisses surtout." News was brought that the attack of Marmont upon the populace had been completely successful, and that Paris was entirely subdued. "Triumph," says the Baron, "was written in every countenance, on that of the Abbé's more particularly." The following billet, from a high ecclesiastical dignitary to Polignac, was found the next morning at the Tuileries. "Mon cher ami, venez demain me voir; nous lirons le psaume 60."

The conduct of the people of Paris during this struggle richly merits all the encomiums which their sanguine countrymen heaps upon them; their anxiety for the preservation of the works of art, the total absence of all pillage at a time when nothing but the high sense of the honour of the cause in which they were engaged could have prevented it, are well narrated; and there are numerous anecdotes upon this point which

we regret our limits prevent us from extracting. In the apartments of the King the only books found were those of a devotional nature; in those of the Dauphin, some almanacs, but not a single work relating to civil or military government; while the table of his wife was covered with every species of pamphlet, political or otherwise.

At length the truth, which had been so sedulously kept from Charles, could be concealed no longer; the appearance of the ministers, with countenances full of terror and agitation, revealed to the infatuated family the situation in which they were, and the arrival of the miserable Marmont completed the catastrophe. With the account of the abdication of Charles the volume concludes. The author promises a supplement, to contain "tous les actes de bravoure," &c. which have been enacted in this extraordinary struggle.

In concluding our notice of this volume, we cannot refrain from again repeating our hopes that many of the acts stated by the author as having taken place during "la semaine," as well as many of the speeches attributed to the members of the court, if not untrue, are at least greatly exaggerated.

From the enthusiastic admiration of Lafayette, from his very "liberal" hatred of England, and his very cold praise, amounting almost to mistrust, of Lafitte, which runs through the volume, we should suspect the Baron to belong to that class which seek to render the government of France republican. With an earnest desire that France may achieve for herself a constitution worthy a great and gallant nation, and wishing the Baron may live to get rid of his foolish hatred of this country, we take our leave.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY. No. XV.—*History of the British Empire in India.* By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. 3 vols. Vol. I. London, 1830. Murray.

THE Family Library has been peculiarly fortunate in the choice of popular and appropriate themes; nor was the biography of Napoleon better timed than is the history of what we term rather inaptly, British India. Its moderate size, its cheapness, and the clear and vigorous manner in which it has been executed, mark it as the very work to be placed in the hands of those who desire an acquaintance with the mysteries of our oriental policy, without entering upon the consideration of dry details.

Mr. Gleig has steered equally clear of political and theoretical partisanship, at least so far as we can judge from his introductory volume. In his appreciation of the natives, he has evinced a milder and more exalted philosophy than Mill, who, though masterly in dealing with the mere business of colonial administration, does not contemplate Asiatic customs and manners with the expanded vision of a cosmopolite.

This volume commences with an essay upon the history and polity of the Hindoos. It next presents a sketch of the origin and decline of the Mohammedan sovereignty in India, and concludes with a view of the position of the Company's government at its early formation.

Mr. Gleig informs the public, that on undertaking his task, he intended to confine himself to a narrative of the rise and progress of the British empire in the East. This design, however, proved inconsistent with the requisite fullness of explanation, and the obstacles he had to encounter were in conse-

quence greatly augmented. In our opinion, the summary notice of the Hindoos, to whom fifty pages from any pen could afford no justice, should have been omitted.

The copious materials furnished by Foushta, Baber, and other Moslem writers, have been moulded into a light and picturesque form. The chapter on the Mogul system of government is satisfactory beyond what we could have conceived possible in its limits. One point, illustrative of the close resemblance of that form of government to our feudal system, the author has neglected to notice—the military service of the Zemindars, mentioned by Abul Fazil. He has also characterized the Hindoos as abhorrent of “all religion except their own,” an assertion singularly at variance with the fact, that even the Brahmins do not oppose the instruction of children in the doctrines of the Bible. A creed contemptuous of proselytism, is not likely to be intolerant.

As a specimen of the work, we shall extract the “outline of the system of internal management pursued by the Company’s servants in matters both commercial and political,” and which continued to regulate our settlements in the East, “with few and partial alterations, down to the latter part of the eighteenth century:”—

“There are three points of view in which the proceedings of the Company’s agents abroad demand to be examined: first, as to the kind of government established over Europeans;—secondly, as to their mode of preserving order among the natives;—and thirdly, as to their dealings in disposing of cargoes imported, and procuring such articles as were requisite for the supply of the home market. With respect to the first of these heads, it is sufficient to observe, that the general business of India was carried on under the management of three presidencies, one at Bombay, another at Madras, and a third at Calcutta. As yet these presidencies were in no degree dependent one upon another; they were in all respects absolute, each within its own limits, and responsible only to the Company in England. They consisted severally of a president and council; the latter composed sometimes of nine, and sometimes of twelve members, in whose hands ample powers were lodged, and who transacted all business, both fiscal and mercantile, according to the sense of a majority of the members. Both presidents and council held commissions signed by the chairmen of the Company; but whilst the former were nominated directly from home, the latter were composed, except when the arrangement was explicitly forbidden, of the superior servants belonging to the non-military class, promoted to that high station according to the rule of seniority.

“The powers exercised by the governor or president in council were, for a time, those of masters over servants, in regard to all persons employed in any capacity by the Company; with regard to such of their countrymen as were not in the service of the Company, they were armed with no further authority than to seize, imprison, and send them to England. No doubt even this enabled them to commit with impunity numerous acts of oppression, or at least of severity; but the right of administering, first, martial, and afterwards civil and criminal justice, being in due time granted to them, their powers became, as a necessary consequence, greatly enlarged. Nevertheless, it was felt that these rights, however clearly defined, rested upon a somewhat insecure foundation. A charter was accordingly granted in 1726, by which the Company were permitted to establish a mayor’s court at each of the three presidencies, consisting of a mayor

and nine aldermen, with power to decide in civil cases of every description. From this jurisdiction an appeal lay to the president and council, who were likewise vested with authority to hold quarter sessions, for the exercise of penal judicature, whilst a separate court of requests was instituted for the decision, by summary procedure, of pecuniary questions of inconsiderable amount.

“Such was the machinery by which an attempt was made to dispense justice among the European residents dependent on the several Presidencies. It was rudely put together, and proved in more than one instance far from efficient; but it was all that the temper of the times permitted to be applied, or, to speak more truly, the prejudices or interests of men in power would sanction. With respect to the preservation of order among the natives, as the territorial limits of the Company’s empire extended then only to a narrow circle drawn round Calcutta, the task was neither a difficult one, nor the system pursued for its accomplishment very complicated. The Company, in its capacity of zemindar, held the usual zemindary courts, in which justice was dispensed, as far as possible, according to established usage and custom. There was the Foujdary Court, for criminal law; the Cutcherry, for civil causes; and the Collector’s Court, where all questions respecting revenue were heard and determined. The judges in these courts were servants of the Company, appointed by the governor and council, and holding their offices at pleasure. No useless forms encumbered their proceedings; their mode of procedure was both simple and summary; and their punishments extended to fine, imprisonment, labour upon the roads in chains, flagellation, and death. We are informed, that to the European mode of inflicting capital punishment the Mogul government objected. It was held derogatory to the honour of a Mussulman that he should be hanged; but no objection was made to the act of flogging him to death, which was generally accomplished by a few strokes, from a skilful hand, of the Chawbuck.

“But the most important part of the business devolved upon the Company’s agents was the management of the trade, which was conducted after a fashion correspondent to the condition of the country within which they carried it on. The sale, indeed, of such commodities as were conveyed from Europe, was transacted in the simplest and easiest of all possible ways; they were disposed of by auction, in the very same manner in which the Indian goods imported into England were disposed of to London traders. It was then left to the native merchants to distribute them through the country, a measure which the unsettled state of the provinces during the decline of the Mogul empire rendered absolutely necessary. But for the purchase, collection, and custody of the goods which constituted the freight to Europe, a much more complicated system of operations was necessary. For the reception of these factories were erected, and warehouses built, at convenient spots throughout the provinces. Here agents called chiefs of factories resided, who in their turn sent out subordinate agents, to deal with the agents of the manufacturing population, or the growers of such natural productions as were sought. These productions again were conveyed to the coast, and embarked, with as little delay as possible, after ships arrived to receive them. Nor was this all. Under the disorderly and inefficient system of government which, during the latter years of the Mahomedan sovereignty prevailed in India, deposits of property were always exposed to the rapacity of public functionaries, or the depredations of private plunderers. It became therefore an object of importance to construct fortifications around the factories, and to keep their inmates armed and disciplined for

self-defence as perfectly as circumstances would allow. To this consideration, indeed, the Company, at a very early period, paid attention, by maintaining at these stations professional troops, as often as the station of the rulers or their negligence would permit.

“Of the troops thus organized, the chief command was vested in the presidents or governors of the several presidencies. They consisted partly of recruits sent out in the ships of the Company, partly of deserters from the other European nations settled in India, and partly, at least at Bombay and Surat, of Topasses, the mixed offspring of Portuguese and Indian parents, or converts to the Catholic faith from Hindooism. These were regularly trained and uniformed; but besides them, the natives were already, to a trifling extent, employed in the military service of the Company, under the denomination of Sepoys, a word signifying soldier, and a corruption of the Indian term Spahi. They were armed principally with swords and shields, though exercised likewise to the use of the musket; their dress was a turban, vest, and long drawers, and they were commanded by native officers, according to the custom of the country, under the general superintendence of one or more Englishmen. No attempt was yet made to drill them to European tactics; but on more than one occasion they found opportunities to prove, that as far as steadiness and hardihood in danger mark the proper material for a soldier, they were scarcely behind their Christian comrades.

“Besides possessing the command of the army, the president was the sole organ of communication, by letter or otherwise, with the country powers. This was a means of adding in no slight degree to his importance; for though the council expected to be informed both as to the tendency and result of such communications, it rested with him to lay his statements before them in such order and at such times as he might himself deem expedient. It formed a prodigious source of influence, likewise, both to him and to the council, that the appointment of persons to all lucrative and honourable situations in the country rested with them. In their gift were the chiefships of factories, the superintendence of out-stations, and other posts of profit; nor were they very scrupulous in nominating one another, sometimes to the glaring detriment of the public interests.

“The civil servants of the Company, resident in India, were at this time denominated writers, factors, junior merchants, and senior merchants. They remained in the capacity of writers for five years, during which they were employed in attending to the inferior details of commerce; their first promotion was to the rank of factor, their next to that of junior merchant, in each of which the period of service was three years. After passing through these gradations they became senior merchants, while out of the class of senior merchants were taken by seniority the members of council, and, when no particular appointment interfered, even the presidents themselves.” p. 359—365.

Literary Recollections. By the Rev. Richard Warner, F.A.S. &c. 2 vols. London, 1830. Longman & Co.

[Second Notice.]

MR. WARNER commences his second volume with remarks upon the great changes which have gradually taken place in the public habits, fashions, and amusements of the city of Bath since the decease of the great *Hierophant*, Beau Nash, in the course of which he introduces Professor Porson to his readers and a ball-room:—“Once, and only once, I had the pleasure of conversing with the illustrious Porson: and strange to say, it was at a *ball*, in the Lower

Rooms, on an unusually crowded night. A very ingenious friend of mine, Dr. Davis, of Bath, who was 'this same learned Theban's' *chaperon* on the occasion, did me the favour of introducing me to him. The Professor appeared to be quite 'at sea,' and neither to understand, nor to relish the scene before him. On separating from him, Mr. King, the master of the ceremonies, addressed me: 'Pray Mr. W. who is the man you have been speaking to?—I can't say, I much like his appearance.' and to own the truth, Porson, with lank uncombed locks, a loose neckcloth, and wrinkled stockings, exhibited a striking contrast to the gay and gorgeous crowd around.—'Who is that gentleman, Mr. King,' replied I, 'the greatest man that has visited your rooms, since their first erection.—It is the celebrated Porson: the most profound scholar in Europe: who has more Greek under that mop of hair, than can be found in all the heads in the room; ay, if we even include those of the *Orchestra*!'—'Indeed!' said the monarch: and—ordered a new dance!

"Two anecdotes were told me of this extraordinary man, shortly after the above occurrence, by my brother-in-law, John Pearson, Esq., the present Advocate-General of Bengal. Mr. Pearson was one of the party, when Porson made the following witty answer to Dr. Parr:—'A great difficulty, Mr. Porson,' said the Doctor, addressing the Professor, after the discharge of a more than usually dense cloud of tobacco smoke: 'a very great difficulty that,—the existence of *evil* in the world!' 'Why, I must confess,' replied the Professor, after returning the puff, 'I never could see the *good* of it.'—The other incident was related to Mr. Pearson by James Perry, the late able proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*: it occurred at his own house. Many of my readers will recollect the memorable night on which William Pitt and his ingenious friend and jovial compotator, Harry Dundas, went into the House of Commons, in a condition usually described by the phrase of 'being half seas over.' The Minister tried to rise, in order to try to speak, but was, very benevolently, pulled down by his neighbours. Harry, I believe, sat discreetly silent. Perry, on his return from the House of Commons, related the extraordinary scene to the Greek Professor, then supping at his house. Porson was delighted with the recital; called for pen and ink, and, ere 'the lark sang at Heaven's gates,' manufactured, with the aid of pipe and tankard, *one hundred and one epigrams* on the amusing subject. They were printed in succession in the *Morning Chronicle*: and all were pregnant with more or less point and wit. I recollect only the following one:—

Pitt.—I cannot see the Speaker, Hal. can you?
Harry.—Not see the Speaker? D—c I see two."

Mr. Warner was an intimate friend of Parr's, and he gives some very characteristic anecdotes of the Doctor. Parr, it is well known, had a singular vanity in dress: he was, as he used often to say, "fond of fine clothes;" and he certainly carried that weakness to a great extent:—"I once chanced to be the Doctor's sole companion, when we did not escape so entirely from that pointed remark, which even vanity itself would be unambitious to obtain. He was staying at Bath, a few years after the commencement of our acquaintance, and being invited to meet him at dinner, at the late Dr. Percival's, my learned friend had arranged, that I should conduct him *on foot* to the place of entertainment, a distance of half a mile from his lodgings. I found him at the appointed time, (for he was rigidly *punctual*,) ready to set out; but, I confess, my heart sunk within me when I reconnoitred his attire—a *spouted hat*, with its appropriate *rose* in front—an ill-fitting, bushy, every-day wig—(the dress one being borne in a box by a *Tensor*, who was to follow us)—and a coat of sober purple, ornamented, both before and behind, with a

profusion of what are generally denominated *frogs*. In addition to all this finery, a rich *satén scarf* descended from the Doctor's shoulders, well-secured in front, by being drawn through the horizontal loops on the face of the coat. The weather was hot, and ever and anon the Doctor marched, for some time, *without his hat*. I did not often look up as we passed through the gayest streets in Bath; but in the occasional glances which I threw around me, I caught the pretty simper of the ladies, and the unmeaning stare of the dandies at 'the great vision,' as well as the broad grin of the stationary chairman, or passing coachman." ii. 172.

We shall now, although it is rather long, quote the following letter of Dr. Parr to Mr. Cottle, as it affords so complete a picture of his mind and habits:—

"Dear Mr. Cottle.—Mr. Warner will tell you of the blunder which I made with —, and which threw me back a week. I shall still strive, strive, strive, to reach Bath on Monday se'n-night, and to reach it by five o'clock in the afternoon, so as to dine with you.—And now, dear sir, I must desire you and Mrs. C. to attend to what I am going to say. Keep yourselves quite at ease; let me be quite at my own ease; and these two important ends are to be attained by your permitting me to take just the same food, and no other, which you are accustomed to take yourselves. Many people *talk* this; but I do *really mean* it: and indeed, my old pupil, you would make me wretched, very wretched, by admitting the slightest alteration in your way of living on my account. Believe me, this is the only way of making me comfortable; and it is the *very best* way in which you can show your regard for me. I certainly shall take the liberty of telling your good lady one or two luxuries to which I am addicted: the first is a shoulder of mutton, not over-roasted nor under-roasted, and richly encrusted with flour and salt; the second is a plain suet-pudding; the third is a plain farmerly plumb-pudding; the fourth is a kind of high-festival dish, adapted to the stomach of a pampered priest, and consists in hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce; and the catalogue of dainties will be closed, with a request to be one day indulged with a cranberry tart; and when I dine with my brother Warner, he is to treat with soles, which are excellent in your part of the world;—and I charge you, to charge him, to charge — — — and my favourite, to receive me in a plain way. Show me your faith by your deeds. Now, my dear Mr. Cottle, I am going to Bath, solely for the friendly purpose of shaking you once more by the hand before I die; and I do assure you, with my wonted sincerity, that, having *such* a purpose before me, I shall undertake my journey with great and *peculiar* satisfaction: and I beg leave to add, that Mrs. Parr, entertaining for you the same regard which I do, is extremely bent upon this my expedition, and would have accompanied me, if her presence at Hatton had not been necessary to attend her only remaining daughter, who expects every hour to lie in. This is the plain truth. I am coming to see Mr. and Mrs. Cottle—I am not coming to diffuse myself among the belles or the beaux; nor among the grantees; nor among the scholars of Bath. I must live quietly and privately; and Mr. W.'s very good sense will enable him to enter thoroughly into my views. Oh! he is a naughty varlet, and has secretly goaded you to employ your influence for carrying a point, of which he would himself have despaired. I never *preach* except at the call of *duty*; and that call I hear in my own parish church, and in the churches of neighbouring villages, when my clerical neighbours are ill, or when they go out for their amusement. But, I preach volunteers, neither in towns, nor cities, nor villages; and I believe that Bath is the very last place in the world

where I could be prevailed upon to mount a pulpit. If Fox, Pitt, and Burke were to employ their eloquence in English; if it were to be enforced by Cicero in Latin, and by Demosthenes in Greek; if Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus, assailed me with all the subtleties of their logic; if the Pope of Rome, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and the Primate of England and Ireland, were to hold up the terrors of ecclesiastical authority; if the three furies were to try the force of their angry menace; if the three graces were to address me, with the soft and sweet allurements of persuasion;—all these contrivances and efforts, conjointly and separately, would be insufficient to vanquish my reluctance to preach a sermon at Bath. I am an old-fashioned and long-winded preacher: the old would fall asleep; the young would titter; and the middle-aged would be listless and weary; and some wittings would scribble epigrams in your Bath newspapers upon the length, and the dulness, and pedantry of my discourse. Woe be to that crafty priest, Richard Warner, for drawing you into a snare. He knows my habitual unwillingness to preach, except in my own church; and he also knows my opinion about the popular pulpites in your town; and I desire you to bid him to prepare himself for a most tremendous castigation from me." ii. 180—4.

Parr, contrary as it might seem to his general character, acknowledged, in a convivial moment, that he was extremely partial to bull-baiting; "for which practice, he candidly confessed, he had ever a secret but unconquerable predilection. 'You see,' said he, pulling up his loose coat-sleeve above his elbow, and exposing his vast, muscular, and hirsute arm to the gaze of the company, 'you see that I am a kind of *taurine* man, and must, therefore, be *naturally* addicted to the sport.' A baiting had occurred at Cambridge, during one of his latter visits to the University. His anxiety to witness it was uncontrollable; but, as his personal appearance on the arena could not be thought of, he hired a garret near the place of exhibition; disrobed himself of his academical dress; put a night-cap on his head in the lieu of his *notorious wig*; and thus disguised, enjoyed, from the elevated window, his favourite amusement in secrecy and solitude." ii. 186-7.

His Majesty George the Third often visited the experiment house of Mr. Hartley, on Putney Common, to see the progress and success of the *fire-plate* processes; but more frequently, under that pretext, for the purpose of conversing with Mr. Hartley on political subjects, particularly those relating to America:—"The conversation was directed, on these occasions, to political topics, and encouragement given to Mr. Hartley to deliver his opinions freely and fully. During one of these interviews, David Hartley took occasion to say to the King: 'It has often given me great concern to oppose your Majesty's measures, with regard to America, as I have done in parliament; but I have been obliged *conscientiously* to do so; and if it were to do again, I could not do otherwise.'—'I believe so,' said the King. 'I think you have acted like an *honest* man, and I bear you no ill-will for it.' One is at a loss which to admire most—the sincerity of such a declaration, or the noble cordiality with which it was received." ii. 232-3.

We shall close our extracts from these volumes, as may seem most becoming, with an anecdote relating to Mr. Warner himself. He had published a volume of sermons, a copy of which he had given to a friend, residing on the southern coast of England, who had them transcribed, and preached them in their regular order to his parishioners:—"In the course of a few months, being at Bath, I was introduced, at a friend's house, to a gentleman of my own cloth, and informed that he had been residing for some time at the village above alluded to. Neither his

countenance nor manner prepossessed me much in his favour; for the one was cold and harsh, the other supercilious and self-important; and I felt quite satisfied that, as this conversation was the first, so it would be the last which we should hold together. I inquired after my friends at the place from which he had lately come. 'He believed they were well; but he knew not much of them: he rarely made new acquaintance.'—'Doubtless, Sir, you know Mr. —, the resident curate?'—'A ve—ry, ve—ry little.'—'You have filled his pulpit, I suppose?'—'No, Sir: I twice offered to preach for him; but, singular to say, he twice declined the offer.'—'Did you attend his church, Sir?'—'Not more than three or four Sundays; for, between ourselves, he preached *such trash*, that I could not stand it.' I kept my own counsel—said nothing of my sermons—smiled, and, adopting Sir Joshua Reynolds's mode of digesting unpalatable conversation—took a *pinch of snuff*."

We regret exceedingly that, on closing these volumes, we cannot say more in favour of them. Mr. Warner is an informed, intelligent, and good man; and there is no necessity to repeat

that judgment on his work which we gave as an introduction to our review in a former number.

Bombastes Furioso.—A burlesque Tragic Opera, by W. B. Rhodes; with Eight Designs, by George Cruikshank. London, 1830. Rodd.

WE spoke last week in high and deserved commendation of this little eighteenpenny work, and of the happy thought of the illustrated series that is to follow. We would give five times the cost of the whole to have Cruikshank's fine pencil, with all its delicate humour, employed on the "Beggars' Opera," if it could not otherwise be had, but it is included as one of the forthcoming numbers. It is not generally known, that "*Bombastes Furioso*" was never published by the author. A spurious edition, however, coming out, determined him to print it, but we believe the copies were never sold. Thinking it might gratify our country readers to judge for themselves, we give the following humorous illustration of the Trio in the third scene:—



I go, I go, all comfort scorning;
Some death I'll die before the morning.

NATIONAL LIBRARY, No. 1.—*The Life of Lord Byron*. By John Galt. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

MR. JOHN GALT—a Scotch writer of considerable practice, the author of some Tragedies which were never read, of some Travels which are never read, and of small Novels which are, in bad weather, occasionally read—has, perhaps, on the strength of the commendation bestowed on these latter trifles by ourselves and others, considered himself the proper person to become the biographer of Lord Byron. We have for months been undergoing newspaper assurances that a more fitting person than Mr. Galt could not have undertaken the work—and that a piece of more interesting biography would be found never to have issued from the press. The usual announcements of "immediate publication,"—of publication "early in the ensuing month,"—of publication "on Friday next," with the customary "sweet, reluctant, amorous delays" on the part of the publishers,—have been uttered to provoke the appetite of the expectant reader, and at length Mr. Galt's long-promised Life of Byron is produced. We expected to find in the work something to justify the multifarious puffing announcements—some original anecdotes—some particulars not to be found in Dallas, Parry, Hunt, or Moore—some unpublished

letters or poems of Byron (the announcements certainly hinted at "original correspondence")—some lineaments of character drawn from a familiar intercourse with, and knowledge of, the mighty poet:—But no; Mr. Galt, who in his introduction says, "My present task is one of considerable difficulty, but I have long had a notion that some time or another it would fall to my lot to perform it," is nearly the last person that ought to have ventured upon writing the Life of Lord Byron. He knew little of his lordship personally—he was an acquaintance, not a friend:—he has not the mind to enter into and allow for the capricious wanderings and fine prejudices of the poet:—he sits down, the Sir Fretful Plagiary of biographers, with all the "excoriated sensibility" which he charges upon his victim, and with splanetic candour, does the kind-savage upon Lord Byron's petty-larcenies; enumerating and forgiving—lacerating and plastering almost at the same moment.

Lord Byron had to suffer the posthumous animosities which great men are invariably doomed to receive from friends. He has had his full share of "bad biography" from those who sat at his table, used his purse, purloined his conversation, mimicked his eccentricities, boasted of his friendship, and did not know him. A jury of matrons has sat upon his fame. The Mrs.

Candours, Mrs. Slipslops, Mrs. Sneerwells, Mrs. Prues, and Mrs. Fretfuls have done their worst—and now, "Malice domestic—foreign levy, nothing can touch him further!" What right had Captain Medwin to be the Lilliputian Boswell to that Brobdignag Johnson, Byron!—we are not quite sure that Dr. Kennedy was justified in publishing Lord Byron's "Conversations on Religion" without his sanction—and what quality in Mr. Galt—a steam-boat acquaintance, kindly and condescendingly recognized by Lord Byron on two or three subsequent occasions—could mark him as the biographer of the greatest poet that has risen for years! Mr. Hobhouse, when the fumes of a Westminster patriotism are out of his head, and years have subdued his prejudices, and tempered his recollections, is the person who alone ought to write, because he can write, the life of his friend, and the world's friend, Lord Byron.

Our readers will expect to see something of the book which Mr. Galt has taken the liberty of writing, and of which we have taken the liberty of candidly speaking. We will give them, as well as our limits will permit, a few of the very few passages which have any interest in them, and a few of the very many bad passages which are written either in confused English or in bad spirit. Mr. Galt is ambitious of writing in the "Ereles vein," and of course the glooms and hurricanes of Byron carry him into some very magnanimous figures, and truly original groupings of words. Some of the sentences remind us of the cage exhibited on Waterloo Bridge, which contains a cat, a bird, a mouse, a rat, a dog, and a monkey—all living harmoniously together; or of old Sambo's selection of "violent contrarieties," chosen as a present for his daughter, and right pleasantly enumerated in the third canto of Don Juan.

We shall commence our extracts, by presenting to our readers the 28th chapter of the volume before us; because we think it is a key to the feeling in which the whole work is written. The first sentence in the following passage, marked by us in *italics*, would seem to have aroused all the biographer in the soul of Mr. Galt, and to have coloured—nay, stained the whole biography. What an abuse of wealth is the present volume! The Israelites of old, with fine gold as a material, cast their idol in the molten image of a calf; not that Lord Byron,—the late Lord Byron, is now an object of idolatry with the present Mr. Galt, whatever he may have been formerly. The living commoner, among the rest, flings his heels at the dead. But there is little to boast of in kicking this lifeless lion!

"A *miff* with Lord Byron.—Remarkable coincidences.—Plagiarisms of his Lordship.

"There is a curious note in the memoranda which Byron kept in the year 1813, that I should not pass unnoticed, because it refers to myself, and moreover is characteristic of the exoriated sensibility with which his Lordship felt everything that touched or affected him or his.

"When I had read the *Bride of Abydos*, I wrote to him my opinion of it, and mentioned that there was a remarkable coincidence in the story, with a matter in which I had been interested. I have no copy of the letter, and I forget the expressions employed, but Lord Byron seemed to think they implied that he had taken the story from something of mine.

The note is:

"Galt says there is a coincidence between the first part of 'The Bride' and some story of his, whether published or not, I know not, never having seen it. *He is almost the last person on whom any one would commit literary larceny, and I am not conscious of any witty thefts on any of the genus. As to originality, all pretensions are ludicrous; there is nothing new under the sun.*"

"It is sufficiently clear that he was offended with what I had said, and was somewhat excited. I have not been able at present to find his answer to my letter, but it would appear by the subjoined that he had written to me something which led me to imagine he was offended at my observations, and that I had in consequence deprecated his wrath.

"My dear Galt, 'Dec. 11, 1813.

"There was no offence—there could be none. I thought it by no means impossible that we might have hit on something similar, particularly as you are a dramatist, and was anxious to assure you of the truth, viz., that I had not wittingly seized upon plot, sentiment, or incident; and I am very glad that I have not in any respect trespassed upon your subjects. Something still more singular is, that the first part, where you have found a coincidence in some events within your observations on life, was drawn from observation of mine also, and I meant to have gone on with the story, but on second thoughts, I thought myself two centuries at least too late for the subject; which, though admitting of very powerful feeling and description, yet is not adapted for this age, at least this country. Though the finest works of the Greeks, one of Schiller's and Alfieri's, in modern times, besides several of our old (and best) dramatists, have been grounded on incidents of a similar cast, I therefore altered it as you perceive, and in so doing have weakened the whole, by interrupting the train of thought; and in composition I do not think second thoughts are the best, though second expressions may improve the first ideas.

"I do not know how other men feel towards those they have met abroad, but to me there seems a kind of tie established between all who have met together in a foreign country, as if we had met in a state of pre-existence, and were talking over a life that has ceased; but I always look forward to renewing my travels; and though you, I think, are now stationary, if I can at all forward your pursuits there as well as here, I shall be truly glad in the opportunity.

Ever yours very sincerely, B.

"P. S. I believe I leave town for a day or two on Monday, but after that I am always at home, and happy to see you till half-past two."

"This letter was dated on Saturday the 11th of September, 1813. On Sunday the 12th, he made the following other note in his memorandum book:

"By Galt's answer, I find it is some story in real life, and not any work with which my late composition coincides. It is still more singular, for mine is drawn from existence also."

"The most amusing part of this little fracas is the denial of his Lordship, as to pilfering the thoughts and fancies of others, for it so happens, that the first passage of the *Bride of Abydos*, the poem in question, is almost a literal and unacknowledged translation from Goethe, which was pointed out in some of the periodicals soon after the work was published.

"Then, as to his not thieving from me or mine, I believe the fact to be as he has stated; but there are singular circumstances connected with some of his other productions, of which the account is at least curious.

"On leaving England I began to write a poem in the Spenserian measure. It was called *The Unknown*, and was intended to describe, in narrating the voyages and adventures of a pilgrim, who had embarked for the Holy Land, the scenes I expected to visit. I was occasionally engaged in this composition during the passage with Lord Byron from Gibraltar to Malta, and he knew what I was about. In stating this, I beg to be distinctly understood, as in no way whatever intending to insinuate that this work had any influence on the composition of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, which Lord Byron began to write

in Albania; but it must be considered as something extraordinary, that the two works should have been so similar in plan, and in the structure of the verse. His Lordship never saw my attempt that I know of, nor did I his poem until it was printed. It is needless to add, that beyond the plan and verse there was no other similarity between the two works; I wish there had been.

"His Lordship has published a poem, called *The Curse of Minerva*, the subject of which is the vengeance of the goddess on Lord Elgin for the rape of the Parthenon. It has so happened that I wrote at Athens a burlesque poem on nearly the same subject (mine relates the vengeance of all the gods) which I called *The Atheniad*; the manuscript was sent to his Lordship in Asia Minor, and returned to me through Mr. Hobhouse. His *Curse of Minerva*, I saw for the first time in 1823, in Galignani's edition of his works.

"In the *Giaour*, which he published a short time before the *Bride of Abydos*, he has this passage, descriptive of the anxiety with which the mother of Hassan looks out for the arrival of her son:

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling—
His mother look'd from her lattice high;
She saw the dew's of eve besprinkling
The parterre green beneath her eye:
She saw the planets faintly twinkling—
'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh.
She could not rest in the garden lower,
But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower:
Why comes he not—and his steeds are fleet—
Nor shrink they from the summer heat?
Why sends not the bridegroom his promised gift;
Is his heart more cold or his barb less swift?

"His Lordship was well read in the Bible, and the book of Judges, chap. 5th, and verse 28, has the following passage:

"The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming; why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"

It was, indeed, an early trick of his Lordship to filch good things. In the lamentation for Kirk White, in which he compares him to an eagle wounded by an arrow feathered from his own wing, he says,

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.

"The ancients have certainly stolen the best ideas of the moderns; this very thought may be found in the works of that ancient-modern, Waller:

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die,
Esp'd a feather of his own
Wherewith he went to soar on high.

"His Lordship disdained to commit any larceny on me; and no doubt the following passage from the *Giaour* is perfectly original:

It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal;
And slither as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay.

"I do not claim any paternity in these lines; but not the most judicious action of all my youth, was to publish certain dramatic sketches, and his Lordship had the printed book in his possession long before the *Giaour* was published, and may have read the following passage in a dream, which was intended to be very hideous:

—Then did I hear around
The churme and chirmping of busy reptiles
At hideous banquet on the royal dead:—
Full soon methought the loathsome epicures
Came thick on me, and underneath my shroud
I felt the many-foot and beetle creep,
And on my breast the cold worm coil and crawl.

"However, I have said quite enough on this subject, both as respects myself and his seeming plagiarisms, which might be multiplied to legions. Such occasional accidental imitations are not things of much importance. All poets, and

authors in general, avail themselves of their reading and knowledge to enhance the interest of their works. It can only be considered as one of Lord Byron's *spurs of spleen*, that he felt so much about a 'coincidence,' which ought not to have disturbed him; but it may be thought by the notice taken of it, that it disturbs myself more than it really does; and that it would have been enough to have merely said—Perhaps, when some friend is hereafter doing as indulgently for me, the same kind of task that I have undertaken for Byron, there may be found among my memoranda notes as little flattering to his Lordship, as those in his concerning me. I hope, however, that friend will have more respect for my memory than to imitate the taste of Mr. Moore." p. 180—5.

A *miff* indeed!—There is something more than natural in all this, if philosophy could but find it out. Mr. Galt would infer that his poems suggested the "*Childe Harold*" and the "*Curse of Minerva*," if he mean anything by particularizing these "remarkable coincidences." One could almost have been induced to wish that Mr. Galt had written more verse, if his bellowsing really originated such mighty music from so lofty an instrument! Mr. Moore had better take care how he die, because his wicked publication of Lord Byron's remark on Mr. Galt's unfitness for being robbed, will, certes, irritate the latter to write a life.

The eighth chapter of the volume announces the first acquaintance of Mr. Galt with Lord Byron. The concluding sentences of the extract are curiously inlaid, and we most especially recommend them to the notice of our readers.

"It was at Gibraltar that I first fell in with Lord Byron. I had arrived there in the packet from England, in indifferent health, on my way to Sicily. I had then no intention of travelling. I only went a trip, intending to return home after spending a few weeks in Malta, Sicily, and Sardinia; having, before my departure, entered into the society of Lincoln's Inn, with the design of studying the law.

"At this time my friend, the late Colonel Wright, of the artillery, was secretary to the governor; and, during the short stay of the packet at the rock, he invited me to the hospitalities of his house, and among other civilities gave me admission to the garrison library.

"The day, I well remember, was exceedingly sultry. The air was sickly; and if the wind was not a sirocco, it was a withering levanter—oppressive to the functions of life, and to an invalid denying all exercise. Instead of rambling over the fortifications, I was, in consequence, constrained to spend the hottest part of the day in the library; and, while sitting there, a young man came in and seated himself opposite to me at the table where I was reading. Something in his appearance attracted my attention. His dress indicated a Londoner of some fashion, partly by its neatness and simplicity, with just so much of a peculiarity of style as served to show, that although he belonged to the order of metropolitan beaux, he was not altogether a common one.

"I thought his face not unknown to me; I began to conjecture where I could have seen him; and, after an unobserved scrutiny, to speculate both as to his character and vocation. His physiognomy was prepossessing and intelligent, but ever and anon his brows lowered and gathered; a habit, as I then thought, with a degree of affectation in it, probably first assumed for picturesque effect and energetic expression; but which I afterwards discovered was undoubtedly the occasional scowl of some unpleasant reminiscence; it was certainly disagreeable—forbidding—but still the general cast of his features was impressed with elegance and character.

"At dinner, a large party assembled at Colonel Wright's; among others, the Countess

of Westmorland, with Tom Sheridan and his beautiful wife; and it happened that Sheridan, in relating the local news of the morning, mentioned that Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse had come in from Spain, and were to proceed up the Mediterranean in the packet. He was not acquainted with either.

"Hobhouse had, some short time before I left London, published certain translations and poems rather respectable in their way, and I had seen the work, so that his name was not altogether strange to me. Byron's was familiar—the Edinburgh Review had made it so, and still more the satire of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers; but I was not conscious of having seen the persons of either.

"On the following evening I embarked early, and soon after the two travellers came on board; in one of whom I recognized the visitor to the library, and he proved to be Lord Byron. In the little bustle and process of embarking their luggage, his lordship affected, as it seemed to me, more aristocracy than befitted his years, or the occasion; and I then thought of his singular scowl, and suspected him of pride and irascibility. The impression that evening was not agreeable, but it was interesting; and that forehead mark, the frown, was calculated to awaken curiosity, and beget conjectures.

"Hobhouse, with more of the commoner, made himself one of the passengers at once; but Byron held himself aloof, and sat on the rail, leaning on the mizzen shrouds, inhaling, as it were, poetical sympathy, from the gloomy rock, then dark and stern in the twilight. There was in all about him that evening much waywardness: he spoke petulantly to Fletcher, his valet; and was evidently ill at ease with himself and fretful towards others. I thought he would turn out an unsatisfactory shipmate; yet there was something redeeming in the tones of his voice, when, some time after he had indulged his sullen meditation, he again addressed Fletcher; so that, instead of finding him ill-natured, I was soon convinced he was only capricious.

"Our passage to Sardinia was tardy, owing to calms, but, in other respects, pleasant. About the third day Byron relented from his rapt mood, as if he felt it was out of place, and became playful, and disposed to contribute his fair proportion to the general endeavour to wile away the tediousness of the dull voyage. Among other expedients for that purpose, we had recourse to shooting at bottles. Byron, I think, supplied the pistols, and was the best shot, but not very pre-eminently so. In the calms, the jolly-boat was several times lowered; and, on one of those occasions, his lordship, with the captain, caught a turtle—I rather think two—we likewise hooked a shark, part of which was dressed for breakfast, and tasted, without relish; your shark is but a cannibal dainty.

"As we approached the gulf, or bay of Cagliari, in Sardinia, a strong north wind came from the shore, and we had a whole disagreeable day of tacking, but next morning, it was Sunday, we found ourselves at anchor near the mole, where we landed. Byron, with the captain, rode out some distance into the country, while I walked with Mr. Hobhouse about the town: we left our cards for the consul, and Mr. Hill, the ambassador, who invited us to dinner. In the evening we landed again, to avail ourselves of the invitation; and, on this occasion, Byron and his Pylades dressed themselves as aid-de-camps—a circumstance which, at the time, did not tend to improve my estimation of the solidity of the character of either. But such is the force of habit: it appeared a less exceptionable affectation in the young peer than in the commoner.

"Had we parted at Cagliari, it is probable that I should have retained a much more favourable recollection of Mr. Hobhouse than of Lord Byron; for he was a cheerful companion, full of

odd and droll stories, which he told extremely well; he was also good-humoured and intelligent—altogether an advantageous specimen of a well-educated English gentleman. Moreover, I was at the time afflicted with a nervous dejection, which the occasional exhilaration produced by his anecdotes and college tales often materially dissipated, though, for the most part, they were more after the manner and matter of Swift than of Addison.

"Byron was, during the passage, in delicate health, and upon an abstemious regimen. He rarely tasted wine, nor more than half a glass, mingled with water, when he did. He ate a little; no animal food, but only bread and vegetables. He reminded me of the gowl that picked rice with a needle; for it was manifest, that he had not acquired his knowledge of the world by always dining so sparsely. If my remembrance is not treacherous, he only spent one evening in the cabin with us—the evening before we came to anchor at Cagliari; for, when the lights were placed, he made himself a man forbid, took his station on the railing between the pegs on which the sheets are belayed and the shrouds, and there, for hours, sat in silence, enamoured, it may be, of the moon. All these peculiarities, with his caprices, and something inexplicable in the cast of his metaphysics, while they served to awaken interest, contributed little to conciliate esteem. *He was often strangely rapt—it may have been from his genius; and, had its grandeur and darkness been then divulged, susceptible of explanation; but, at the time, it threw, as it were, around him the sackcloth of penitence. Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, in the tranquillity of the moonlight, churning an inarticulate melody, he seemed almost apparitional, suggesting dim reminiscences of him who shot the albatros. He was as a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo.*"

Pheu!

"Plague on't—I ne'er was so beset with words Since first I learnt to call my brother's father, dad!"

The greater part of the book is occupied with Mr. Galt's travels in company with Childe Harold,—worked up in rough prose, studded with extracts from the poem. Those of our readers who have read the notes to the "Childe Harold," and Mr. Hobhouse's two great quartos, need not traverse the ground again. What an ingenious art is book-making!

The following passage is worth extracting; it is deeply characteristic of Lord Byron:—"On the night after his arrival at the Abbey, the waiting-woman of Mrs. Byron in passing the door of the room where the corpse lay, heard the sound of some one sighing heavily within, and on entering found his Lordship sitting in the dark beside the bed. She remonstrated with him for so giving way to grief, when he burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone.' Of the fervency of his sorrow I do therefore think there can be no doubt; the very endeavour which he made to conceal it by indifference, was a proof of its depth and anguish, though he hazarded the strictures of the world by the indecorum of his conduct on the occasion of the funeral. Having declined to follow the remains himself, he stood looking from the hall-door at the procession, till the whole had moved away; and then, turning to one of the servants, the only person left, he desired him to fetch the sparring-gloves, and proceeded with him to his usual exercise. But the scene was impressive, and spoke eloquently of a grieved heart;—he sparred in silence all the time, and the servant thought that he hit harder than was his habit, at last he suddenly flung away the gloves and retired to his own room."

It is but justice to Mr. Galt to give the following; it is good, true, and sensible writing:—"I have never been able to understand why it has been so often supposed that Lord Byron

was actuated in the composition of his different works by any other motive than enjoyment; perhaps no poet had ever less of an ulterior purpose in his mind during the fits of inspiration (for the epithet may be applied correctly to him and to the moods in which he was accustomed to write) than this singular and impassioned man. Those who imagine that he had any intention to impair the reverence due to religion, or to weaken the hinges of moral action, give him credit for far more design and prospective purpose than he possessed. They could have known nothing of the man, the main defect of whose character, in relation to everything, was in having too little of the element or principle of purpose. He was a thing of impulses, and to judge of what he either said or did, as the results of pre-determination, was not only to do the harshest injustice, but to show a total ignorance of his character. His whole fault, the darkest course of those flights and deviations from propriety which have drawn upon him the severest animadversion, lay in the unbridled state of his impulses. He felt, but never reasoned. I am led to make these observations by noticing the ungracious, or more justly, the illiberal spirit in which "The Prophecy of Dante," which was published with the "Marino Faliero," has been treated by the anonymous author of 'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lord Byron.'"

The description of "The Guiccioli" is taken from Leigh Hunt's Book; and our readers are familiar with the particulars of Lord Byron's personal presence and exertions in Greece, and of his fever and death. Not an iota of information is added to that which has been already given to the world. The last moments of Byron, as detailed by Fletcher, his faithful servant, are as affecting as the good death of a great man can make them.

Mr. Galt's friendship breaks out continually. What would Lord Byron have said to his biographer, if he could have read the following sketch of his mother—a mother whom he loved,—forced too heedlessly into a work professing to be the Life of Lord Byron:—

"However this may have been, it is certain that Byron came to an embarrassed inheritance, both as respected his property and the character of his race: and, perhaps, though his genius suffered nothing by the circumstance, it is to be regretted that he was still left under the charge of his mother; a woman without judgment or self-command, alternately spoiling her child by indulgence, irritating him by her self-willed obstinacy, and, what was still worse, amusing him by her violence, and *disgusting him by fits of inebriety*. Sympathy for her misfortunes would be no sufficient apology for concealing her defects; they undoubtedly had a material influence on her son, and her appearance was often the subject of his childish ridicule. *She was a short and corpulent person. She rolled in her gait, and would, in her rage, sometimes endeavour to catch him for the purpose of inflicting punishment, while he would run round the room, mocking her menaces and mimicking her motions.*" p. 23-4.

As a specimen of the *Captain Grand* in style, (as our author so broadly phrases it,) we must give the following delectable *morceau*. Will our readers have the kindness to endeavour to work the sentences in italics by the rules of common sense, and transmit to us the product.

"About three weeks or a month after he had left Athens, I went by a circuitous route to Smyrna, where I found him waiting with Mr. Hobhouse, to proceed with the *Salsette* frigate, then ordered to Constantinople, to bring away Mr. Adair, the ambassador. He had, in the meantime, visited Ephesus, and acquired some knowledge of the environs of Smyrna; but he appeared to have been less interested by what he

had seen there, than by the adventures of his Albanian tour. Perhaps I did him injustice, but I thought he was also, in that short space, something changed, and not with improvement. Towards Mr. Hobhouse he seemed less cordial, and was altogether, I should say, having no better phrase to express what I would describe, *more of a Captain Grand* than improved his manners, and more disposed to hold his own opinion than I had ever before observed in him. I was particularly struck with this at dinner, on the day after my arrival. We dined together with a large party at the consul's, and he seemed inclined to exact a deference to his dogmas, that was more lordly than philosophical. One of the naval officers present—I think the captain of the *Salsette*—felt, as well as others, this overweening, and announced a contrary opinion on some question connected with the politics of the late Mr. Pitt, with so much firm good sense, that Lord Byron was perceptibly rebuked by it, and became reserved, as if he deemed that sullenness enhanced dignity. *I never in the whole course of my acquaintance saw him kith so unfavourably as he did on that occasion. In the course of the evening, however, he condescended to thaw, and before the party broke up, his austerity began to leaf, and hide its thorns under the influence of a relenting temperament.* It was, however, too evident—at least it was to me—that without intending wrong, or any offence, the unchecked humour of his temper was, by its caprices, calculated to prevent him from ever gaining that regard to which his talents and freer moods, independently of his rank, ought to have entitled him. Such men become objects of solicitude, but never of esteem." p. 130-1.

We are compelled here to close the volume. We had intended to give a few of Mr. Galt's attempts at word-coinage. He is nearly as eminent as Sir Charles Wetherell, not only in the originality of the coinage, but in the boldness of the uttering. We will endeavour to make a small collection by the time our next number appears.

The volume, as to quantity of printing and paper, is remarkably cheap; and there are two copperplates—of Lord Byron and the Countess Guiccioli—which are extremely neat. We fear, however, that the publishers, whenever they have "a mill" with Mr. Galt, will have to advertise the first number of the "National Library," as Lady Morgan's publications have been advertised by them, at half price, "on account of the great number of copies on hand."

A Brief Compendium of the History of England, with Portraits of all the Sovereigns. 48^{vo}. London, 1830. Tilt.

This is a very small, yet nevertheless a very useful publication, and will save those of our young friends who are "troubled with short memories," much time, in the course of their reading, when in doubt concerning any particular date. It comprises the principal events, with the period of their occurrence in each monarch's reign, from the time of the Norman conquest, to within a month or two of the death of his late Majesty, appended to which, is a list of the contemporary sovereigns. "As the jingle of rhyme" says the editor, "is frequently an assistant to the memory, the following lines of the succession, although somewhat unmusical, are offered to his juvenile readers on the same principle as 'Thirty days hath September.'

William the Norman, and William his son,
Henry, Steph., Henry, then Richard, and John,
Henry the Third; Edwards, one, two, and three,
After Richard the Second, three Henries we see;
Two Edwards, then Richard, a villain I guess,
Two Henries, an Edward, then Mary, and Bess;
Next Jamie the Scot, then Charlie was slain,
After Cromwell, King Charlie the Second did reign;
James the Second, then William and Mary stood forth,
Next Anne, Georges three, and may God save the Fourth."

A Letter to William Lawrence, Esq. F.R.S., on the nature and causes of Intellectual Life and the Mind. By William Addison, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

THE vague generalities by which many writers endeavour to instruct others on the nature and causes of intellectual life and the mind, form a forcible illustration of the blind leading the blind. Whilst the sincere Christian stands not in need of such disquisitions, finding in the Scriptures all that is essential to his future welfare, the philosopher is aware that such subjects may engage his speculations, but are as much beyond his comprehension as that of the untutored savage.

Were the speculations which this letter purports to answer (and the answer with them) consigned "to the tomb of all the Capulets," society would be no loser. It is to be regretted that men possessed of mental powers which ought to render them capable of useful services to the community, should not find better employment. The labour is performed; but, like that of the tread-mill when unattached to any useful or productive machinery, power is expended merely in beating the air.

A Practical Treatise on the General Principles and Elementary Rules of the Law of Evidence.

By Richard Garde, Barrister at Law. J. and W. T. Clarke.

THIS is a very neat and accurate little work, which will, if read with care, afford great assistance to young legal students desirous of making themselves masters of this useful branch of professional knowledge. The leading principles and rules relative to the competency, credibility and mode of examining witnesses, and the admissibility and effect of evidence, are concisely and clearly stated, and are fully supported by the authorities referred to. As an introduction and index to the larger and more celebrated productions upon this subject, as well as a court companion, this work will, no doubt, be found extremely serviceable.

A new System in the French Tongue for the Study of Languages. By A. Lacugne, Professor of the Dead and Living Languages. London, 1830. Treuttel & Würtz.

THE author of this little work professes to exhibit a new system of instruction. We do not think the principles of the system, of which he claims the discovery, belong to him: they have been adopted in various ways by different teachers, though the method of applying them, laid down in the pages of M. Lacugne's book, are, as far as we know, his own. The method is a simple one, and very clearly developed by the French professor. We have no doubt that it will prove useful to teachers, and to those who are old and wise enough to become their own instructors. Such as may wish to be acquainted with M. Lacugne's system, we refer to his book. They will find a fair requital for their trouble of perusal.

Parish Law. By John Steer, Barrister-at-Law. London, 1830. Saunders & Benning.

THE liability of most householders of respectability to be called upon to fill parish offices, or to take a part in parish business, renders this a work of general utility. The author has prepared it with great diligence and care, and has explained the law regarding all the matters he professes to treat upon in a clear and intelligible manner. The arrangement he has adopted, and a good Index, afford a facility of reference to any of the points on which information may be required; and we may venture to affirm, from our own examination, as well as the known professional character of the author, that the information here obtained may be safely relied upon.

[This beautiful Poem by Miss Jewsbury, and the spirited one that follows by Miss Strickland, come together like the announcements of the herald—*The King is Dead;—God save the King!*]

THE PHANTOM KINGS.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

A SOUND woke in the spirit-land
Of voices and of wings,
A sound as when the gathered wind
In the old pine forest sings;
As if in air profound
Hovered a sea of sound.

The monarchs of the spirit-land,
The shadows of renown,
With the symbols of their old estate,
Sceptre, and robe, and crown;—
Another, and another,
Rose up to meet a brother.

A brother from the living-land
Come down to join the dead,
With knighthood and with kingliness
On brow and aspect shed:—
And thus with welcome—him
Bespoke those shadows dim.

"All hail! and welcome, brother,
From feasting and from strife,
From all the golden canopies
And thorny beds of life!
From flatterer and from foe;
False joy, and real woe!

"Hast thou been called a victor?
Is thy land trophied well?
Come down—and with our conquerors
Choose out a place to dwell:
They ruled from east to west;
They are phantoms now, and rest.

"Look not back to earth, crowned spirit,
But a moment since set free,
We are strange—but thou art one of us,
And now to man would be
As much a thing to dread,
As if long ages dead!

"Come with us;—all thy fathers
Have joined us one by one,
And all of every age and clime,
That ruled beneath the sun;
We have the first king here;—
The last too shall appear.

"With fathers of their people,
With slayers of their race,
With chiefs of slave-girt palaces,
Come down and choose thy place;
To be one with us for ever!
FOR EVER! and FOR EVER!"

And sound died in the spirit-land
Of voices and of wings,
And awfully, and silently,
Moved back the phantom-kings;
To their appointed doom
Of glory or of gloom!

GOD PRESERVE THE KING!

BY MISS SUSANNA STRICKLAND.

Foaming o'er the crystal cup,
Like a spirit on the wing,
See the red wine flashes up,
Whilst with loyal zeal we sing,
God preserve our noble King!

Sovereign of these favoured isles,
Grant him, heaven, a glorious reign;
Happy in his people's smiles,
May he long their rights maintain;
Till echo round the land shall fling,
God preserve our noble King!

Whilst Freedom's banner o'er us waves,
Shedding light and life around;
And a thousand heroes' graves
Consecrate our native ground,—
May united voices sing,
God preserve our noble King!
Bless him in his people's love!
Bless him in his royal mate!
Bless him in the realms above!
And when death shall change his state,
May his spirit upward spring,
And God for ever bless the King!

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib."

WE shall say nothing here of the extraordinary puffing of Mr. St. John Long, so perseveringly continued in the *Literary Gazette*, to the astonishment as well as disgust of all rational people; the verdict of a jury, and a voice from the grave cry out, and make us fearful to trust ourselves on the subject. But we wish here to draw attention to some facts connected with that paper, its criticism and its owners; and to the naked facts we mean to confine ourselves.

It is well known, that Messrs. Colburn & Bentley, jointly or severally, are large shareholders in the *Literary Gazette*. Now, let the reader observe, that while a legal notice was served on this journal, to withhold criticism on a forthcoming work of theirs, a forthcoming work of theirs was monstrously and extravagantly praised the very same week in the *Literary Gazette*;—that to all the world, except the initiated the said work had seemingly, when reviewed, been published some days, having been positively so announced. We, however, beg to state, that it was *not* published, and that it could not be had by any independent journal, until the criticism of the said *Literary Gazette*, backed by a like criticism in the *Court Journal*, also their property, had circulated all over the country, and the orders for the work, consequent on their commendation had been dispatched to London. So much for the first fact—for the second, observe that *twenty-one columns* of that same *Literary Gazette*, were taken up with extravagant commendation of books published by Messrs. Colburn & Bentley!!!—and for the third, that *eleven columns* of this extravagant commendation are bestowed on a volume of the "*National Library*," published by Colburn & Bentley, and that *one eighth of a column only* is given to a volume of the "*Family Library*," published by Mr. Murray. In this miserable eighth of a column, it is true, we read of the "popular author" and "spirited publisher," of the interest of the work, and the talent of the writer; but "the work is so unfavourable to extracts, that we can give none within our limits." Monstrous! If, indeed, Mr. Gleig has written a *History of*

India, from which not one line or one word can be extracted, his book cannot deserve the commendation, and the author is better qualified than we had imagined to be the editor of Colburn's Library, which mark *he is*, and therefore the commendation of the man; but whose book the *History of India* is not, and therefore—but we confine ourselves to facts; these admit of no dispute, and if they do not open the eyes of the public to the nature of the criticism in the *Literary Gazette*, then the public deserve to be led blindfold and misled; and if they do not rouse the indignation of independent publishers, then independent publishers are very patient animals, and deserve to be so treated.

Let the press of England ascertain if this statement be true, and, being satisfied of its truth, let them ask their own conscience, if it be not morally due to their readers to blazon it over the whole country.

THORWALDSEN.

THE verdict of individual judgment, the unceasing panegyrics of the press, and the thousand-tongued acclaim of public admiration, leave me little to observe on the professional merits of Thorwaldsen; no one truly but he, to whose obtuse intellect the magic of the chisel is a chimera, and the glories of the "*pietra viva*" a stumbling-block, can dwell upon the workings of his master-mind without doing him homage as a prince among the princes of modern art. It is by this tie that his name is become dear to our recollections; it is because our thoughts have centered around his excellencies as a sculptor, that we have made his endowments as a man so little the object of our inquiries. With these impressions, I shall venture to diverge out of the common track;—nay, I should hold myself unworthy of the opportunities which I have enjoyed, and convicted of injustice towards Thorwaldsen himself, were I to omit paying a tribute to his spotless and amiable character in all the relations of private life.

Albert Thorwaldsen found his way to Rome as an indigent youth about thirty years ago, and has risen, by dint of his eminent industry, as well as splendid talents, to a station not only of high respectability, but of enviable affluence;—enviable where it is subservient to the impulses of a judicious benevolence, and becomes a powerful auxiliary to personal influence. His kindly feelings evince themselves not merely in the ready and engaging manner with which he imparts counsel and encouragement to his fellow-artists; he seeks out talent sinking under the pressure of poverty, opens his purse to his pining brother, and employs the sufferer's pencil in the execution of some work of art; heedless of the sky beneath which the object of his philanthropy drew breath. This is the generous source which has enriched his dwelling with some of the choicest productions of living and departed artists; the collection is extensive, and forms a noble record of its possessor's kind-heartedness and discernment. Whatever may be the pretensions of rank, wealth, or influence, mediocrity finds no niche for its failures under Thorwaldsen's roof; talent alone can cross his threshold, and its best passport to popular esteem is, that Thorwaldsen has adjudged it worthy to be his guest, and introduced it to the familiar acquaintance of the most polished circles in Rome. From this moment, the fortunate artist is caressed and employed by native and stranger, and, if he make a right use of his opportunities, may rise to fame and competency.

The virtuoso will also derive high gratification from inspecting Thorwaldsen's rich collection of Grecian, Roman, and Egyptian art; but

probably from none more than his cabinet of cameos, of which he liberally allows his brother artists to make free use. He has likewise formed an extensive library in all languages, and, as few cities are so poor as Rome in this respect, his chief motive in acquiring it has been to assist young men of slender means in their studies; indeed, his own mind and imagination are so abundantly stored that he has little occasion to avail himself of extrinsic resources. Withal, there is one object around which all these glories of art, and science, and learning, naturally converge as to a common centre—the sculptor himself. The expression of his countenance is a type of mingled mind and energy, open-heartedness, and benevolence: there is nothing repulsive in that look which glows with genius; it does not command our homage more than it wins us to esteem and love.

The immortality of a great name is a possession of which neither envy nor time can despoil him; it will descend to posterity, ennobled by the loveliness of a well-spent life, and dear in the recollection of endowments, consecrated to the most exalted purpose of our being.

Thorwaldsen is at present engaged in modelling an equestrian statue of Maximilian, Elector of Bavaria, for the present sovereign of that country. G.

[We have arranged with the writer of the following, who is about to visit Germany, and who is well known there and in England as a man of distinguished talent, to report to us all that should seem likely to interest our readers, and especially every thing relating to the state of the Arts, Literature, and Universities. The stirring events in France and Belgium, and their probable influence on the extraordinary character of the German students, will give great interest to his reports. The following is but a brief travelling note announcing his arrival.]

Mentz, August 22.

LET no Englishman, but above all, no Englishwoman, ever go from Rotterdam to Cologne by water! The scenery is most stale, flat, and unprofitable, the company generally of the worst description, and the accommodation, if the total want of it may be so called, abominable. Imagine yourself paddled along in a shaking vessel covered with filth, emitting unmentionable odours, and fed on garbage steeped in dirty grease, and condemned to remain in this state of misery, with nothing to relieve the eye, for two days and one, if not two nights, without a resting-place, but the cushioned benches around the crowded cabin, or the bare floor! It was my fortune to play chamber-maid to two very pretty women, making them a bed on the floor with cloaks and travelling-bags; and this in some measure reconciled me to my own misery: but with the pencil of Cruikshank I should have made a fortune with a series of groups such as the cabin presented on that dreary night, during which we navigated between Nimeguen and Wesel. The best route for travellers is to go in the steam-boat to Nimeguen, and thence by the diligence to Cologne.

I found the people in the Prussian territory full of enthusiasm for the French cause; but the government shows not the least apprehension, the censors allowing the papers not only to communicate all news concerning the great revolution, but even to translate the most liberal commentaries of the French and English papers on the divine right of nations to depose their perjured kings. The government, however, is too cautious to withdraw the troops which were to have joined the camp of Coblenz, from the garrisons; in consequence of which the approaching review will be shorn of half its glories, and the King will not be present. The troops I saw in the camp were mostly Landwehr. It had been raining incessantly for two days and nights, and the soil on which they had pitched their tents was com-

+ Another extraordinary fact. In the *New Monthly Magazine* for August, also the property of Messrs. Colburn & Bentley—now open before us—there are two columns of announcements of forthcoming works—and very pithy and pleasant announcements they are, enough to rejoice the hearts of country gentlemen, for certainly, all the books that have been published in the season will not equal, in stirring interest or in talent, what are to come. Now taking the announcements at 100—then by singular good fortune, it happens, that of these unequalled works, 65 will be published by Messrs. Colburn & Bentley, and only 5 have been secured by all the other publishers in the three kingdoms. Commend us to the announcements in the *New Monthly*, but above all, to the criticisms in the *Literary Gazette*!!!

pletely flooded: the poor fellows were consequently in a wretched plight; several had been taken into the hospitals, and one or two had been found dead—this is playing at soldiers with a vengeance! As I intend returning by Coblenz, I came by Eilwogen, Ems, Schwalbach and Wisbaden: the road is excellent, and from Ehrenbreitenstein to Nassau highly picturesque.

A. B.

SCOTCH MISSIONARY SCHOOL IN EASTERN RUSSIA, &c.

Tiflis, July 15.—A circulating library, which is, at the same time, the first bookseller's shop opened here, has just been set on foot. The following notices are derived from the information of a traveller who has recently returned from a visit to the province of Karabagh.† "In Schusha I met with a school, which was founded three years since by some Scottish missionaries, and is now frequented by forty Armenian scholars: they receive gratuitous instruction in the Holy Scriptures, the Armenian language, arithmetic, and writing; the more advanced among the pupils are taught Greek, Latin, and English, independently of the former branches of education. Religious instruction is superintended by an Armenian priest. There is a printing-press attached to the establishment, which has published several Armenian books, under the direction of a native Circassian, who was educated in a Scotch colony, which has settled near the Caucasus. Nothing can exceed the excellent order which is maintained in this school, or the rapid progress which its pupils make in their studies. It is evident that civilization is advancing in this quarter; for there are six Tartar and two Armenian schools in Schusha, besides the Scottish school. In five out of the former six, the Tartar and Persian languages, and Persian history, are taught; the remaining seminary being reserved for the education of Mollahs (or ecclesiastics), who are instructed in the principles of the Mahomedan faith, Arabic, arithmetic, astrology (!), and medicine. The two Armenian schools, one of which is for the reception of girls, are confined to giving lessons in the reading of the native tongue. The number of scholars in all these schools amounts to two hundred and fifty. The other schools scattered throughout the province do not exceed seven, the children in the villages being generally taught to read by the priests. Up to this moment, however, there is scarcely one individual in five hundred who is able to read."—*Petersburgh Gazette*.

FINE ARTS.

Delicia Sylvarum, or Grand and Romantic Forest Scenery in England and Scotland. Drawn from Nature, and etched by Jacob G. Strutt. Folio. Nos. I and II.

MR. STRUTT'S former grand work of the "Sylvia Britannica" has given to his name a reputation in matters connected with "forest glades," which will insure him a cordial reception in his present undertaking—one full of interest and beauty. Those who are acquainted with such romantic scenes as he depicts, will confirm the truth and spirit in which they are etched;—those who live in "peopled towns," and cannot give time to ramble in the forest of Arden, and other pleasant spots, may enjoy somewhat of the pleasure, by the possession of Mr. Strutt's work. The amateur will find here much to admire. How like Ruysdael, Sweinevelt, and

† It takes its name from the river Kara, which issues from the northern extremity of the Ural mountains, and flows into the gulph of Karskoi, in the Arctic Ocean; forming the boundary between European and Asiatic Russia.

Waterloo! will he exclaim; not that Mr. Strutt copies those masters, but, like them, studies Nature, who presents the same beauties to others as to them, if applied to with taste and feeling.

Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland. From Original Paintings, by John Fleming. Engraved by Joseph Swan; with historical and descriptive illustrations, by John M. Leighton, Esq. No. I. Glasgow: Joseph Swan. London: Moon, Boys & Graves.

THE works of these gentlemen are already well known to the public—they were associated before in picturesque views of the River Clyde, which we commended on their appearance, and which met, we believe, with very great success. This new undertaking promises to be even more successful. The subject is most happily chosen—the natural beauty of the scenery—the high interest that connects it with Scotch Novels, and many stirring events of history, are known to all, and the full description that accompanies the engraving will pleasantly recall such events, and such beauties as may have fled from the reader's memory—the fidelity of Mr. Fleming's pencil brings all the beauties of the natural scene back to us, while his talent wins admiration for the picture as a work of art; and the care and delicacy of the engravings do great credit to Mr. Swan. It cannot fail to be a very successful work.

Views in the East, comprising India, Catten, and the Shores of the Red Sea. Drawn by Boys, Cattermole, Cox, Cotman, Finch, Purser, Prout, Stanfield, &c. From original sketches by Capt. Robert Elliot, R.N.; with historical and descriptive illustrations. Part I. London, 1830. Fisher, Son & Co., and Whittaker & Co.

THIS promises to be a very valuable work. The Red Sea alone would furnish a volume of high interest. The architecture of India is gorgeous and beautiful, and not sufficiently known; we desire nothing more than to see its Pagodas and Temples brought before us in a handsome volume like this, with their own peculiar beauty of scenery and vegetation. The First Number will explain what we feel, and does great credit to the liberal spirit of the publishers.

"Täg Mahal-agra," drawn by Prout, and engraved by Wallis, is a beautiful scene; and "Tiger Island," by Stanfield and Goodall, is alone worth the money as a work of art.

A New Series of Original Illustrations to all the Editions of the Waverley Novels. Old Mortality to Legend of Montrose. Part II. London: Moon, Boys & Graves; and, Edinburgh, Cadell.

NOTWITHSTANDING the high talent engaged in illustrating these novels, we have not thought the publishers so successful as their exertions well deserved to be. There is, however, a wide difference, between the indistinct worn-out ten thousandth impression that comes to us with the volume, and the select and early copies here presented;—they have, indeed, quite staggered us. Wilkie's picture looks, in the work before us, quite a gem. Cooper's battle piece is as full of life as the original description—and the engravings of both by Graves and Rolls are admirable. The vignette by Fraser, engraved by Finden, is hardly, if at all inferior to either of the others; and Rolls and Goodyear have almost reconciled us to the lace and furbelow of Stephano. Whoever has not seen this work is incapable of forming a judgment on the illustrations of the Waverley Novels.

Henry Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. Sir Thomas Lawrence. C. Turner. Colnaghi & Co.

MR. TURNER has well sustained his reputation, as one of our ablest engravers in mezzotinto. The picture is not one of the late President's happiest works; the figure is too tall, and there is an imperfection in the drawing of the feet, which is unpleasant. The likeness, we have heard, is excellent.

Robert Burns. P. Taylor, 1786. J. Horsburgh. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

IN the prospectus which announced the discovery of this portrait, the testimonies of many persons were given, declaring it by far the best likeness of the poet extant. Its genuineness cannot be doubted,—it must, therefore, be considered a very interesting head; and we have the authority of one who knew the bard well, confirming the opinion given in favour of it as a likeness.

Tam O'Shanter and Group. Drawn by L. Adams. W. Sharp. Dickenson.

THIS is a clever lithograph from a spirited and faithful drawing. It will be bought by many who have seen the originals, in remembrance of them; and by those who have not, that they may have some idea of a group the Londoners have so much commended.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

IF we remember rightly, Fustian, in Colman's interlude called "Sylvester Daggerwood," threatens, upon his play being neglected at the Haymarket, to "turn it into a pantomime, put a pageant at the end of it, and bring it out at one of the Winter Theatres;" if the same cause would have produced the same effect in the instance of "The First of April," a farce produced at this theatre on Tuesday last, we sincerely wish the manager had rejected it. The "First of April" as a pantomime, would have afforded us amusement—as a farce, we found it hardly tolerable. Practical jokes are the wit of pantomime—the sole humour of "The First of April" is in its practical jokes; there were abundance, and, of their kind, good. There is very little that is brilliant in the dialogue, and nothing of interest in the plot: its object, plot we can hardly call it, consists in an attempt to induce one *Sir Bumpkin Pedigree* to sign a deed, by making him an April Fool: how the means are to bring about the effect, we never know, for, after having pushed the saturnalia of April to the utmost extremity, after driving his victim superfluous to rest, and disturbing his slumbers by means of pullies attached to his bed, the hoaxer informs the audience that the unexpected arrival of a *General Belford* prevents the completion of his scheme, but has suggested to him another, such other being to impress upon *Sir Bumpkin* the notion that he is to be arrested and executed as a spy, the only way to avoid which, is to prove his own identity, by signing a document tendered to him; this document is signed without hesitation, and all parties, except the sufferer, rendered happy.

MR. FARREN supported the part of *Sir Bumpkin* admirably; we found no fault in the performance; we fear, however, that such of the critics as rejoice in decrying the modern drama, will find out that it is a little too like Potier, and will complain that our actors as well as our plays are translations from the French: for ourselves we care not how a good result is brought about. To Mr. Farren may be attributed the success of the piece; he did throughout all that could be done for the part: the supper scene, perhaps, might have afforded us more amusement if we could have forgotten Liston in precisely the same situation, in "Deaf as a Post." Mrs. Humby appeared as the heroine, but had nothing to do.

The piece is from the pen of Miss Boaden, a lady already known as the author of several successful dramas produced at this theatre.

A new drama is announced for representation next week; we understand it is a version of a piece highly popular in Paris, called "Marie Mignot."

ENGLISH OPERA—ADELPHI THEATRE.

Miss Kelly certainly deserves all the encomiums that have ever been lavished on her. Her performance exhibits none of those unnatural efforts and constraints, which are too frequently visible, when an acquaintance with stage effect is not united with a just perception and familiar knowledge of the character represented. There is a sort of serious playfulness, a grave frivolity, an apparently natural combination of inconsistent emotions, that lend a novelty and excitement to the performances of this actress. She seems to gather around her, a mimic world of self-created character, a striking group of quaint events and pleasing delusions. In her hands, hackneyed common-places become agreeable originality—the tameness of monotony assumes spirit and versatility; and while we pay a passing tribute to the work of an author, we cannot fail to recognise in the portraiture and illustration, the superior advantages, which flow from the apt ingenuity and pervading influence of the "artiste." A few nights since, we witnessed at this theatre, the performance of a new operetta, called, "The Duce is in her;" and, though we saw it in a very indifferent light, owing to the utter extinction of the gas, yet we came away prepossessed in its favour. The part of the *Widow Volatile* by Miss Kelly, was all that the author could have wished. She evidently still laboured under indisposition. The whole plot of the piece, appeared to turn upon a question of sympathy. *Sir Guy Don* disguises himself as his own steward, and brings the intelligence of his own sudden illness to the widow, who had been bequeathed to his protection. This device is for the purpose of testing her sympathy, before he gives his consent to her union with his nephew. The trick is discovered; and when *Sir Guy* announces his indisposition, Miss Kelly with admirable precision and nature, faints in his presence. The sudden conviction of the widow's acute sensibility, throws *Sir Guy* off his guard, who flies for assistance; in the meantime, *Greville*, the nephew appears, and the fainting fit is changed into a hearty laugh, which again is converted into violent hysterics, on the re-appearance of *Sir Guy*. This is all very amusing, and was skillfully performed. Presently *Sir Guy* announces his own death, in the midst of an assemblage of ladies who by previous agreement, unanimously swoon. This sudden attack upon *Sir Guy's* own sympathetic nerves, is extremely ludicrous. It all ends, as usual, in mutual explanations, and the mimic fainting, is proposed as a set-off to the trick of *Sir Guy*, who finally consents to the match. We must not forget to mention Miss H. Cavase, who sang, "Oh men, what silly things you are," with much talent and vivacity. This young lady is decidedly a favourite. Mr. J. Bland as *Florid*, sang "What pains and what pleasures," in good taste, and, which is seldom the case with singers, the words of the song were easily distinguished.

"The duce is in her," is from the pen of Mr. R. J. Raymond, author of "Robert the Devil," and several other dramas—not, as stated in one of the morning papers, the barrister of that name.

On Thursday, an almost literal translation of a French piece, called "Les Frères de Lait," was produced at this theatre, under the title of "The Foster Brothers;" it wants the pruning-knife terribly, and we doubt if it can ever become a favourite. The length to which two slender incidents are spun out, renders the piece horribly tedious.

Laporte is off to the continent on the recruiting service. Pasta is absolutely engaged at the King's Theatre, for the latter part of the ensuing season. Signora Jose, the present prima donna of Madrid, was treated with for the first half; but her Spanish engagements will prevent her from touching the Spanish here, unless, indeed, the revolutionary disorder should lead the Spaniards to prefer acting to singing.

Politico-theatrical Costume.—On the 2nd of August the *Odéon*, at Paris, was re-opened with Molière's *Tartuffe* (the Hypocrite). All the *dramatis personæ* appeared in tri-coloured costumes, save and except *Tartuffe* himself, who displayed a white (or Bourbon) cockade on his breast.

ANECDOTE OF BRANT, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

SOME time ago, the English public were favoured with a view of the son of this celebrated man. Many were mortified, that the appearance of Brant did not inspire all the fantastic horrors of a chief of the Cannibal Islands. Indeed, when in this country, he threw aside the native costume of the wilderness, surrendered the tomahawk, and walked our streets without exciting more curiosity or alarm than is daily experienced at the feverish sight of a savannah-faced planter of St. Domingo. It is well known, that his father's services in the British cause, during the late American War, were valuable and well-tried. He was present at many of the engagements fought by the contending parties; and at the battle of Lumdy Lane, a singular instance of the pride and fierceness of this North American Indian, is recorded. General Brown, who commanded the American forces, having been disabled by a severe wound in the shoulder, was taken prisoner, and conducted to the English quarters. At the close of the conflict, Brant, accompanied by his warrior-tribe, repaired to the spot, no doubt, for the purpose of exterminating by the tomahawk, the unfortunate victims of captivity. But the humanity of the British General had taken the proper precautions to protect the prisoners from the usual indiscriminate slaughter of the Indians. Brant, observing this, surveyed the scene before him, with savage wildness in his eye, and disappointed fury in his gestures; and, suddenly going up to General Brown, thus accosted him: "You're a fortunate fellow."—"Indeed!" said the General, who did not seem to think captivity a sign of good fortune. "I levelled my rifle at you," resumed Brant with stern composure, "took a steady aim, and thought I never had a better mark, but I missed you—never missed before in my life."—"Then I agree with you," replied General Brown, "that it was fortunate you did miss me."—"But that is not all," continued Brant: "I reloaded my rifle—found you again an excellent mark, took aim at you and fired, but the ball a second time would not take effect."—"Then," replied the General, "you must be a d—d bad shot." Brant, who could calmly speak of the chances that spared his intended victims, could not, in the fierceness of his pride, brook the charge of unskillfulness in the use of his death-dealing weapons. Seizing his tomahawk, which trembled by the fury of his grasp, he sprung upon the wounded General, and the instant stroke of death was with difficulty arrested by the hasty interference of those who had been appointed for his guard and protection. Brant was forcibly led away, and General Brown owed to his enemies the preservation of his life. The General is still living, and holds a high rank in the American army—he is commandant of the port of New York.

A Title.—On a former occasion we observed, that the title of "Clarence" given to a recent novel, was anything but father to its subject. 'Tis a trick as stale at least as the seventeenth century, when a Leipzig physician put forth a book under the title of "Jus publicum." A dissertation on "aches of the head" was the whole body and substance of its contents!

A Monument to be erected by Taxation.—The Warsaw newspapers contain an imperial decree, regulating the mode by which the cost of the national monument to the Emperor Alexander is to be defrayed. It appears that the expense is to be spread over a period of four years from the 1st of January, 1830, and apportioned in the following manner:—the whole inhabitants of the kingdom are to contribute a portion, varying from two to fifteen per cent. on the amount of the taxes to which they are liable. Merchants and manufacturers are to pay five and one third

per cent. on the duties to which the importation of foreign merchandize is subject, and fifty per cent. on products of domestic growth, exported to Russia. The clergy, military, and all government employes are to contribute a certain portion of their income, varying from one to four per cent. on its amount. Truly the monument itself will present a splendid record of fiscal oppression. Our good friend Nicholas has effectually provided that the virtues of his brother shall be written, not in "water," but in the tears of his Polish subjects.

Charles the Tenth; one Frenchman too much.—When this hapless being landed in France in 1814, he smartly observed, "*Je ne suis qu'un Français de plus.*" On this "mot" a couplet has been running the round of the Parisian circles, and the two following lines are the burthen of its chorus:—

Eh bien! qu'il reparte aussitôt!
Ce n'est qu'un Français de trop.

'*Le Courrier des Pays Bas*, a Brussels journal, in a paragraph, on Thursday week observed, that "The government has done well in withdrawing the *Interdict* it had laid upon the performance of 'La Muette de Portici,' which is in consequence to be performed this evening. It is expected to attract a very numerous audience." In another part of the same paper, this popular spectacle is duly announced accordingly:—The *Courrier* is what is termed a "liberal paper," and it is remarkable that on that very evening, and from the representation of that very piece, the audience and populace proceeded to the first movements of insurrection.

Approaches to the New London Bridge.—It unfortunately happens that the church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, one of the meanest in appearance in the City, stands so exact in the line of the bridge, that it was impossible to avoid it; and numberless objections, among which the expense was not the least, long prevented the managers from determining on its removal. We are glad however to learn, that such an eyesore is not to exist, it having been resolved to take it down, but, whether the church will be rebuilt in the same place or not, we believe, is not yet decided. Of course, if it be, the new edifice will be rendered worthy of its position in the main access to the greatest city, by the noblest bridge in the world. Let the managers and their architects look to it!

Lithographic Prints not Engravings.—The habit of calling lithographic prints engravings, obtains even with those who ought to know better. A contemporaneous weekly newspaper, which calls itself literary and scientific, publishes a wretched lithograph print, and calls it (we quote from memory) a beautiful engraving of a splendid picture. The merit of the picture we will say nothing about, as it is not to the point, though, we think, that those who take upon themselves to inform and direct the public taste, should be honest in the use of terms, whether referring to the merit of a picture, or designating the manner or style of art in which their print is executed. It can hardly be the result of ignorance.

We hardly regret to hear that Stanfield has given up his engagement as principal scene-painter to Drury Lane, in consequence of some rather injudicious neglect of his sister-in-law *Mdlle. Angelina*; for, often as we have been delighted by this able painter's scenery, we still felt he was wasting the high energies of his genius on temporary rather than permanent things. He has gone, we hear, on a journey up the Rhine, and will afterwards proceed to Venice. What delicious views may we not expect from him of the "Queen of the Adriatic"! He has commissions which will take him four years to complete. We have reason therefore to suppose this has in some degree

influenced him in giving up Drury Lane. Those painters who are desirous of the honours of the Royal Academy, or indeed of posthumous fame, and we should conclude Mr. Stanfield not indifferent on the subject, can expect to receive neither, from the passing wonders of the stage, which are painted to act their part, and then to serve as canvas for the next representation wanted!—What thunders of applause were bestowed by our fathers on the scenic works of Louthborough, yet for what is he now remembered but his cabinet pictures—though, to be sure, many of these would take no little cabinet to contain them.

Public Thermometer.—Girard, the engineer, is erecting a large thermometer on a new plan, of his own invention, against the buildings of the bank at Warsaw. The degrees of heat and cold will be visible from this instrument at some distance.

United States.—The following table shows that progressive spread of knowledge which has, in so few years, raised the United States to a level with the countries of Europe:—

There were in	Post Offices.	Receipts, Dollars.
1790	75	37,935
1795	453	160,620
1800	803	280,804
1805	1,558	421,373
1810	2,300	551,684
1815	3,006	1,043,065
1820	4,500	1,111,927
1825	5,667	1,306,525
1829	8,004	1,737,418

There were in	Miles of Post Roads.	Clerks.	Dollars, Their Salary.
1790	1,875
1795	13,207	4	2000
1800	20,817	7	4,250
1805	31,076	9	9,150
1810	36,406	12	12,330
1815	43,748	15	16,580
1820	72,492	21	22,700
1825	94,052	27	28,500
1829	115,000	38	39,700

New York.—Great endeavours are making to establish a University in this city, upon the same principle as that of London.

Prussia.—The following are authentic details of the superficial area and population of this kingdom, in 1829:—

	Geogra. Sq. Miles.	Population per mile.
1. Eastern and Western Prussia and Posen	1707	1662
2. Brandenburg and Pomerania, with the district of Hoyerswerda	1306	1745
3. Silesia and domains in Saxony	1181	3025
4. Westphalia and the Rhenish Provinces	842	3343
Total	5036	

The population, at two several periods, namely, 1st January, 1820, and 31st December, 1828, was as under:—

No.	1820.	1828.
1.	2,569,082	3,072,867
2.	2,100,115	2,438,440
3.	3,353,648	3,783,933
4.	3,062,448	3,430,870
	11,085,293	12,726,110

Malacca.—The inhabitants held an assembly on the 18th of November, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of putting an end to slavery, and it was ultimately determined that, though under circumstances the sudden abolition would be hazardous and inconvenient, it should be absolutely abolished in twelve years, and an agreement to this effect was entered into and officially registered. The censorship of the press has been removed.

Mosaic Pavements.—Besides the common mosaic, consisting of small pieces of stone put together, either to produce the most perfect representation of pictures, or intended to retain the appearance of valuable stones, there is another kind of decoration seen in the pavements of many Sicilian churches. This is done by cutting out the white and coloured marbles into patterns, and then filling the hollows with melted asphaltum. The effect of the black inlaid-work is extremely beautiful, and it appears to be very durable. The asphaltum is found in many parts of Sicily, but in a very impure state, and, when used in the pavements, it is always mixed, though not intentionally, with a large portion of sand.

[From a Correspondent.]—I see by the French papers, that on the 21st of July the Pope celebrated *Te Deum* at the church of St. Louis, in commemoration of the subjugation of his great enemy, the Dey of Algiers. This reminds me of an anecdote not generally known in England. The late Pope, annoyed at the repeated attack of the pirates on the few coasting vessels of his subjects, fitted out his fleet to revenge them, and the command was given to a French officer. After an unsuccessful cruise of some weeks, the fleet returned to Ostia, and the captain required not only pay, but an increase. Pay, however, had not been thought of—his Holiness expected they would at least pay themselves; high words arose; and the next news of the fleet (which, by the bye, consisted of only one small frigate and a sloop,) was, that they had hoisted Greek colours, and sailed to join the patriots.

Jacotot's System in Hindostan.—It would appear by the following extract from Abul Fazil's Institutes of the Emperor Akbar, written at the close of the sixteenth century, that the leading principle of the Jacototian mode of education was then adopted in the Indian seminaries.—“The boys are first taught to read the Persian alphabet separately, with the different accents or marks of pronunciation; and his Majesty has ordered that as soon as they have a perfect knowledge of the alphabet, which is generally acquired in two days, they shall be exercised in combinations of two letters: and after they have learned those for a week, there is given to them a short line of prose or verse, containing a religious or moral sentiment, wherein those combinations continually occur. They must strive to read this themselves, with a little occasional assistance from the teacher. For some days the master proceeds with teaching a new hemistich or distich; and in a very short time the boys learn to read with fluency. The teacher gives the young scholar four exercises daily: viz. the alphabet, the combinations, a new hemistich or distich, and a repetition of what he has read before. By this method, what used to take up years, is now accomplished in a few months, to the astonishment of every one.”—*Ayeen Akbery.*

Athenæum Advertisement.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 26	68 51	29.55	W.	Clear.
Fr. 27	71.5 53	29.50	S.W. to S.	Rain P.M.
Sat. 28	71 48	29.10	S.W. to S.	Rain.
Sun. 29	70 44	29.62	W.	Shrs. P.M.
Mon. 30	70 43	29.05	S.W. to S.	Clear.
Tues. 31	69 48	30.03	W.	Ditto.
Wed. 1	71 45	30.10	W.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus, Cirrocumulus, Nimbus.

Nights and mornings for the greater part fair.
Mean temperature of the week, 57½°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Jupiter in conjunction on Sunday, at 10h. A.M.

Jupiter's geocentric long. on Wed. 7° 58' in Capricorn.

Mars — — — 0° 45' in Leo.

Sun's — — — 8° 29' in Virgo.

Length of day on Wed. 13h. 31m.; decreased, 3h. 1m.

Sun's horary motion 2' 25". Logarithmic number of distance .003690.

[Last week's Register did not come to hand.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F.W.—If he will call at our office, it is ordered as he wished.

We thought the *evident* receipt of one, would be proof to T.A. that both came safely to hand. We, however, are happy to make this acknowledgment, and it allows the opportunity of again thanking him for very kind, zealous, and disinterested service. What he refers to will appear hereafter: that it has not already, is proof that it will keep—which is equally true and complimentary.

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